

# AMERICAN

## Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

APRIL, 1841.

### Embellishment:

#### FLY-FISHING:

Engraved on Steel by RAWDON, WRIGHT, HATCH & SMILLIE.

Contents:	Page
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, ETC. ....	170
THE FLY-FISHER: BY "MARTINGALE".....	171
ANACREONTIC.....	173
RIFLE SHOOTING: BY "B. C.".....	174
THE HUNTSMAN'S REVEILLE: BY "DE LA ZOUCH".....	176
ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.....	177
THE PRIVATE STUD BOOK..... 177	HANDLING FOALS..... 179
MANAGEMENT OF FOALS AFTER WEAN- ING..... 178	CARE OF THE FEET..... 182
A DEER HUNT IN NORTH CAROLINA: BY "TARKILL".....	185
FASHIONABLE RACING STALLIONS: BY "A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER".....	194
MEDOC AND SOME OTHER GOOD 'UNS: BY "A MERE LOOKER ON IN VIENNA".....	198
THE HORSES OF EGYPT, SYRIA, AND ARABIA: BY COLONEL HOWARD VYSE..	203
PARTRIDGE AND QUAIL: BY "FRANK FORESTER".....	210
RIFLE SHOOTING: BY A. L. S. ....	214
"B." UPON THE GET OF MEDOC.....	215
CURE FOR CANKER IN DOGS' EARS AND HORSES' TAILS: BY H. P. J. ....	216
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1841.....	218
RACES OMITTED IN THE CALENDAR FOR 1840.....	223
NEW FRANKLIN AND BOONVILLE, MO. 223	SOMERVILLE, TENN..... 225
NASHVILLE, TENN.....	WASHINGTON, ARKS.....
LA GRANGE, TENN.....	HINDS COUNTY, MISS.....
MEMPHIS, TENN..... 224	
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR.....	226
DEATH OF LANGAR..... 226	FANTI..... 228
NORTHERN SPRING CAMPAIGN.....	GANO.....
THE SIRE OF HARKAWAY.....	NANNIE.....
VISIT TO COL. CROWELL'S..... 227	EARLY FOALS.....
PEDESTRIANISM.....	OBITUARY..... 229
MATCH RACE.....	NEW RACE COURSE.....
SALES OF STOCK.....	NAMES CLAIMED.....
TURF REGISTER.....	230
PEDIGREE OF RUSHLIGHT..... 230	PEDIGREE OF BEN POWELL..... 230
" " LILY.....	THREE IMPORTED POT-8-O'S MARES..
" " SIMON PURE.....	THE CONSTABLE MARE..... 232

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

---

"Tarkill's" favor of the 25th ult. did not reach us till his article was entirely printed; some of his wishes, however, were anticipated. We trust he may be induced to continue his contributions to the magazine.

The Review of Racing in Middle Tennessee was too late for insertion this month; the same reason, in addition to the great length of the article, has excluded the remarks upon the Diseases of Dogs.

---

*Death of Mr. Wm. P. Hawes.*—With bitter regret do we announce the decease of Mr. WM. P. HAWES, who died on Tuesday, the 23d ult., after a sudden and short illness. To our readers in the country, he may be known only as "J. Cypress, jr."—the signature which he adopted in his contributions to the periodical press. The pages of the Turf Register have often been graced with his exquisite productions—remarkable for their wit, their pathos, their classic elegance. Mr. Hawes died at the early age of thirty-eight. The severe professional labors of the law, and the political services which he rendered his party, engrossed too much of his time and thoughts; yet would he on every opportunity tear himself from these and yield himself to literary pursuits, which were far more congenial to his taste and feelings. At the time of his decease, he was engaged upon several papers with which we hoped to enrich our pages; in his peculiar department of the field of letters, he had companions of kindred genius, united to him by ties of the warmest friendship—upon one of them should devolve the melancholy task of completing his unfinished sketches, and collecting his scattered writings, that the whole may be given to the public.

## THE FLY-FISHER.

BY MARTINGALE.

HONOR to thy name, O Izaak Walton!—the pure in soul and the good in heart—the kind, the gentle, the patient—the ardent admirer of Nature, and all her handiworks—the devotee of the art—the great master, the generous preceptor of the gentle craft—the patriarch of the brotherhood of the angle! As the mighty warrior, who has led his armies to victory; as the statesman—the painter—the poet—the historian and the dramatist—who, by their mighty genius, have enshrined themselves and their country in a halo of immortal fame,—the bright examples for all succeeding ages,—awakening in others an imitative spirit of glory,—so thy matchless volume, O honest Izaak, has drawn after thee as countless a host of imitators and admirers, and has more than multiplied the disciples of the gentle craft from generation to generation. Falstaff, it is said, not only abounded in wit himself, but was the cause of wit in others. So wert thou not only the perfect master of the gentle craft, and the bearer of the meek and quiet spirit, but the leader of others who tread in the same delightful path!

Although the scientific fly-fisher may not, perhaps, be able to pay a visit to the wide-spread magnificent lakes and melodious streams of Scotland or Ireland—those inlaid silver ornaments of both lands,—or to wander through the beautiful vallies of North Wales,—where the rivers, augmented by a thousand ever bright and ever tuneful streams, flashing in the sunny ray, and careering merrily to the broad expanse of water, increase the splendor of the scene by their brightness, their freshness, and their beauty; yet, in almost every situation, wherever may be his local habitation, he can find some means at least for pursuing his favorite diversion.

Attired in his dress, which is of rather sombre hue, with his pannier slung over his shoulder; his supple and taper rod and reel; his well-spun lines, and his book of flies,—he is seen, at early dawn, on the banks of the river.

His mind harmonises with the scene around, in all its freshness and all its beauty,—from the golden-fringed clouds above, that have caught the first glances of the resplendent eye of morning, to the dew-drop gems below, that deck blade and branch, leaf and flower. Nor less with every object around; the wide-spread valley, with its ramparts of hills,—its green and dewy meadows, with the quiet sheep and cattle grazing,—the rocky precipice, surmounted with overhanging boughs,—the dense mass of woods, the secure home of the songsters of the feathered race,—the ancient ruin, that has withstood the storms and the shocks of ages,—the venerable village spire, that crowns the spot where “the rude forefathers of the

hamlet sleep,"—the ever tuneful rills, that dance merrily towards the placid bosom of the river, like a smiling child to the arms of its endearing and joyous mother,—yea, his soul is smitten with the whole scene, as well as its component parts, and with all holds high and perfectly harmonious converse. Revelling thus in all the luxuries of Nature, with a heart at once kind, and gentle, and joyous, there are other associations which augment the sum of his enjoyment. There is no river nor wood, nor ruin nor rock, nor meadow nor sunny slope, nor hall nor tower,—but has its history, remote or near, of some peculiar interest to delight his mind; scenes of high and patriotic daring, of pure and unsullied piety, and of public virtue; or of matchless women, whose beauty and goodness rang from side to side in the olden time, and whose fame has even outlived their very monumental tombs. Thus, the fly-fisher is not only delighted with the scenes spread immediately around him, but he draws from the inexhaustible well of his own memory, and animates each spot, each object and nook, with living, moving, and beautiful creations.

The fly-fisher possesses a keen eye, though an artless heart. It is a slander to say that he is an expert fisher of men, however numerous may be the gudgeons. He knows all the haunts and all the habits of every species of the finny tribe, and upon that knowledge he acts. He is, too, an entomologist; and, knowing every description of insect which abounds throughout the fishing season, he fashions them accordingly; observing, in their application, the invariable rule—white for darkness, red in medio, and black for lightness. He whips off no flies—like the bungler. He possesses no purely solitary habits—like the float-fisher—whose practice drew from the prejudiced and surly Dr. Johnson, the very amiable expression—"A stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." The truth is, that learned lexicographer was so short-sighted he could not see a float! and, therefore, was no judge of the sport. The fly-fisher rambles from place to place. If he is unsuccessful in one spot, he proceeds to another, ever varying the scene of his amusement, and avoiding that tameness and tediousness which others of the craft are too liable to experience. Possessing a supple wrist, he can throw to an inch; and, shewing his flies to the fish in the most graceful manner, he is almost certain of success, especially if he can cast his line across the wind, by which it becomes for a moment suspended, and the flies then fall in so natural a manner as to deceive the most wary fish. The trout is his great favorite.

Here is a magnificent, clear, wide-spread stream,—the glory of the valley, whose ramparts seem guarded by giant sentinels,—the oak—the beach—the elm—the hornbeam—the chestnut—and, here and there, the wild cherry, in its robe of unsullied whiteness,—rushing onwards, over its clear and pebbled bed, like the stream of truth over the minds of the masses,—polishing the ore of genius, and releasing meaner minds from the bonds of error and corruption. On the opposite bank is a goodly array of willows and alders, bending, as it were, over a mirror, to admire their own drooping beauty.

Behind the fly-fisher all is clear. He knows that the fish are feeding upon the insects which drop from the boughs. "Whisk" goes his line. It is for a moment suspended. Admirable artist! How gracefully falls the tail-fly! A rise at the first throw? He's hooked! By Jove, a two-pounder at least! He rushes with tremendous impetuosity to make his escape. The fisher lets him go, —he turns him gently,—another and another effort is made to free himself from the hook. The bearer of the rod, perfectly calm, cool, and collected, plays him with a neat and delicate hand; and, though the victim resorts to all schemes and displays, great rapidity and resolution, the experienced fly-fisher knows that he is his own. Each succeeding struggle becomes weaker and weaker; and, with a gentle, but unerring hand, he is now in the landing-net. Two pounds and a half—by the shade of honest Izaak! Proceeding thus, rise succeeds rise, fish after fish, of the proper weight, are hooked and killed, until his pannier is well filled.

---

ANACREONTIC.

---

I.

DRAW round the hearth, let joy and mirth  
 Their influence glad shed o'er us :  
 Our cares we'll drown, our joys we'll crown,  
 In the flowing bowl before us.

## II.

Of old, it seems, in Lethe's streams  
 Men found for care a grave ;  
 But steep'd in bliss, by wine like this,  
 We ask not Lethe's wave.

## III.

The ancients bound their foreheads round  
 With wreaths, and o'er the brow  
 Minerva's name appear'd, to claim  
 Each sage's solemn vow.

## IV.

Let heroes old, and sages cold,  
 To Wisdom render duty ;—  
 Fill high the glass, the bottle pass,  
 We'll drain the cup to Beauty.

## RIFLE SHOOTING.

DEAR SIR : I have several times been at the point of writing a paragraph or two on Rifle Shooting, as notices of that sport appeared in your Magazine. In my estimation it is a delightful sport, affording manly and healthful exercise ; requiring of its successful votaries clearness of vision and steadiness of nerve, the results of exercise and temperate habits.

The achievements of Rifle Shooting pertain not to the disciples of Bacchus and Epicurus. Such cast the Rifle from them as a useless instrument, and take up a "scattering machine," which gives even *them* a chance for success. Thus much may pass for preface.

The immediate—provoking—cause of this present writing, is a scrap from the "Precepts and Practice" of Frank Forester, in the February number, in which that very clever writer gravely says, or makes his didactic and intelligent friend Harry say, he "knows men—lots of them—who would bet to hit a foot square at that distance," viz., three hundred yards, and off hand, too ! Is not the reader, who has any knowledge of Rifle Shooting, ready to exclaim with Tom Draw—"Don't tell me any such thunderin' nonsense !" Now let me assure Frank Forester, his friend Harry, and his "lots of men," who will bet on accomplishing this feat, that I can find them "lots" of customers who will go over to New York to take such a bet. This reminds me of a rather more extravagant tale told to myself and two other Kentuckians in the mail coach between Philadelphia and New York, eight years ago, by a genteel looking man from Boston. Rifle Shooting happening to be the subject of conversation, the said gentleman declared he knew a man in Boston who would bet on hitting a six cent piece, nine times in ten, at the distance of one hundred yards, off hand ! His auditors—perhaps not very politely—told him the thing was impossible ; that he was under some mistake ; that perhaps the distance was *ten steps*, &c. But in spite of our incredulity he maintained that the tale was true. When one of our party, however, proposed to go to Boston, and bet this man \$100 or \$500 a shot that he could not hit a *whole dollar*, the Bostonian rather gave way, and at length confessed that he had never seen the man do the shooting, but had heard the story from such a quarter as to forbid his doubting its truth. Thus, I opine, Frank Forester, like the Boston gentleman, has *heard* that the thing he mentions *can* be done, and no doubt such things *have been* done, by accident ; but certainly no man, at all familiar with Rifle Shooting, can be found willing to bet on hitting a foot square at three hundred yards, off hand. If the writer of "Precepts and Practice" will put the best marksman he knows to the actual trial, he will discover he has been misled on this subject ; and in making the experiment, I advise him to place his "foot square" target in the very centre of a large double barn-door ; or, if the wind blows,

he had better select the middle of one side of the barn itself, if he wishes to find the ball prints. A good Rifle-gun can certainly be made to perform wonders, still there are some things it cannot do. It cannot, for instance, overcome the law of gravitation; it cannot compel the atmosphere to non-resistance; it cannot be relied on to throw a ball to the moon, though it may throw it with a good degree of certainty a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards, in a perfect calm. But let a moderate wind blow across the ball's path, and even at that distance every thing like certainty is at an end.

A few years back the Rifle was seen suspended on the wall of every house in Kentucky in pride of place; but, alas for modern innovation! it is now sometimes banished to the closet; but still it is—and long may it continue to be—among the chief of our household deities. The name of "Kentucky Riflemen" has gone throughout the world, and may we continue to deserve it and be proud of it. I trust we have not yet forfeited our claim to superiority in the use of the Rifle; though to judge from the recorded performances of the Georgia Rifleman, and the "Member of the New York Off-Hand Rifle Club," there is no telling how much longer we shall be permitted to wear our honors quietly. The Georgian made shooting that will pass anywhere; but the trials of the New Yorker, under the circumstances of "rough weather," and a two feet ten inch barrel, are such as to stagger even us of the Rifle region. After examining the target of the Member of the New York Club, I was alarmed to think what he could have done with one of Lewis West's four foot guns in a perfect calm; for that's the gun and weather we choose when we wish to make crack shooting.

From all I have seen, it appears the Riflemen of New York consider two feet ten inches the proper length of barrel for target shooting. Now in Kentucky, we believe that both theory and practice will establish the doctrine that four foot guns are short enough. The shorter gun, we admit, will throw its ball somewhat farther, but contend that this trifling and sole advantage is more than counterbalanced by the greater accuracy of sighting, resulting from the greater space between the sights of the longer barrel, and the increased distance of the sights from the eye. And when we add to this the fact that the slight but unavoidable vibrations of the gun, in the hands of the holder, are more sensible in the longer one, and therefore its deviations from the proper direction easier of correction, we think we have said enough on the theory. And my practice has only confirmed my preference for the four foot gun. I have not space to discuss this subject further, and if the men of Gotham are not convinced, I know of no other mode of satisfying them of the superiority of our guns than by positive trial in the field. Your city guns, like your city belles, will no doubt be found in a gaudier dress, with more superficial accomplishments; but our Kentucky rifles, like our belles, though not bedecked with gold and jewels, "have that within which passeth outward show." B.C.

THE HUNTSMAN'S REVEILLE.

'To Horse ! To Horse !! The merry horn  
 Through the old hall is clearly ringing.  
 From tree, from brake, and spangled thorn,  
 A welcome to the smiling morn,  
 Blythe choristers are cheerly singing.  
 The lark, exulting, trills its lay,  
 To Heaven's gate his bold flight winging,  
 A grateful tribute there to pay,  
 For all those joys that break of day  
 To his fond, gladsome heart is bringing.  
 O'er lake, and forest, moor, and lea,  
 Is pour'd a flood of sylvan minstrelsy.  
     Tra-li-ra-la. Tra-li-ra-la.  
     Tra-li. Tra-li. Tra-li-ra-la.

Up then ! Forsake your young bride's charms,  
 With tender words her fears beguiling ;  
 At eve, return'd to her dear arms,  
 And banished all her fond alarms,  
 She will forgive thee, fondly smiling.  
 Arouse thee, sportsman ! Haste ! 'tis time  
 Thy guests receiv'd the friendly greeting.  
 From yon grey tower the pealing chime  
 Loudly proclaims the hour of prime.  
 Away to join the hunters' meeting !  
 See at the low-brow'd postern gate,  
 Hawks, horses, hounds, and men, their chief await.  
     Tra-li-ra-la. Tra-li-ra-la.  
     Tra-li. Tra-li. Tra-li-ra-la.

DE LA ZOUCH.

## ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.

[Continued from the January Number, page 23.]

## THE PRIVATE STUD BOOK.

IN all studs it is important that an account should be kept of the mares belonging to it; an entry must also be made of the time when they are put to the horse, with, as a matter of course, the name of that horse. This can be referred to at the foaling season to ascertain when you may expect each mare to foal. The time when that event happens should be noticed, together with any particular events which may occur. The color of the produce must be recorded, and a memorandum made of any characteristic marks, such as white on the legs or other parts, with any peculiarities which may serve to recognise it by hereafter if such a recognition should be required. Constituted as they now are, the rules and regulations of the Jockey Club seem to be scarcely sufficient to identify horses in case of intended fraud; and as the honest are not unfrequently punished in conjunction with the guilty, and as an unjust suspicion not unfrequently arises, it behoves every breeder to be able to identify his stock, after he has sold it, and to be able to corroborate his statement, if required to do so, by the evidence of disinterested and highly credible witnesses. Thus, by exhibiting his foals to his neighbors, and requesting them to make memoranda, and bear in mind such marks as will enable them to recognise those foals when they may have arrived at the age of maturity, should any dispute arise when in other people's possession, he will be able most fully to make good his case.

A column in the stud book should be devoted to casual observations; such as how the produce turn out; what is done with them; if sold, and to whom; and, as far as can be ascertained, into whose hands they subsequently pass; their constitutions and peculiarities; their style of running; and all other "remarkable events," which, even if not essential, may frequently be amusing as a source of reference, and will very often be useful by way of comparison.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the accuracy of these memoranda, as the returns made to Messrs. Weatherby must emanate from them and correspond with their own. Foreigners will not purchase blood stock unless they can trace the pedigrees in the Stud Book; and for racing purposes at home it is equally important that the description be correct. The recent unpleasant affair relating to Bloomsbury's pedigree ought to operate as a warning to all breeders of racing-stock who desire to act honestly, and to maintain their reputation for being so; and it should also serve as a hint to the Sporting World that some more effectual means are indispensably necessary to identify the produce of brood mares, and the age of horses when brought to the post, than that which we obtain from the Stud Book as at present compiled. Messrs. Weatherby depend almost entirely upon the gratuitous information af-

forded by breeders themselves, who, being interested parties, may practice any deception which they desire—all their statements being comprised in the declaration that such mares produced such and such foals in certain years by certain stallions, the only distinction being sex and color. It is well known that the age of a horse cannot be positively proved by the teeth; three-year-old colts will sometimes have a four-year-old mouth, whilst at four years old some will shew the marks of only three. Until a different system of acquiring the information be adopted by Messrs. Weatherby, or the subject be taken in hand by the Members of the Jockey Club, the Stud Book must continue open to fraud and inaccuracy. One very great deficiency appears in not entering the produce of any mare unless she produces two foals: thus, if a thorough-bred mare has only one, that is not prevented, even by the trifling influence of its appearance in the Stud Book, from running as a cock-tail, and by this means many have been brought out as such. Unimportant as it may appear, many men, however, are deterred from practising such nefarious transactions merely from the fact of the colt, which they would otherwise call a cocktail, being registered in the Stud Book, as though this book of itself could rise up and proclaim the fact. Such, however, are the phantoms of a guilty conscience.

---

#### MANAGEMENT OF FOALS AFTER WEANING.

The principal object with most breeders is to have their stock large and powerful at an early age. It is really wonderful what may be done towards effecting this by means of good food judiciously supplied, proper shelter, and liberty of range in favorable weather.

It is natural to suppose, when a foal is first taken from its dam, that it will in some degree fall away in condition and lose flesh: the nutritive properties of its "mother's milk" cannot be taken from it without affecting its yet tender constitution. To guard against this, every attention must be directed to the quality as well as quantity of food which is presented to it: that which contains most nourishment must be provided, and although the bulk of hay which a foal consumes is very trifling, it should be of the best quality. I have seen sainfoin hay used with very great success, but I believe there are many kinds of soil which are not suitable to its production; at least I judge so from the fact that there are many counties in which it is not grown, although I would by all means recommend its trial on dry sound land. For foals when they are first weaned, linseed gruel should be their constant beverage, and indeed it cannot be too highly recommended for all horses. A liberal allowance of oats is likewise necessary: foals, if in health, will eat at least two quarterns per day, and as they increase in age, this allowance may be augmented: the seeds which are left from the linseed gruel should be given with the corn. I have previously recommended the practice of bruising the oats, and must certainly repeat it, even in opposition to the arguments of some persons who are averse to it. Bran-mashes may be given at least once a week, and in some instances more frequently. Carrots will likewise be found a very

proper food for young stock, and should be given once or twice a day. Too long a continuance of the same food cloy the appetite. A man would not like mutton chops every day of his life; and doubtless the variety of aliment which Providence has presented to us, with a desire for occasional change, is the greatest assurance that such a change is conducive to health. Boiled barley is found to be very nutritious food, and most horses are very fond of it. As an alterative it may be given with great advantage if foals do not consume their corn with their usual appetite. It requires to be exceedingly well boiled for two or three hours in a small quantity of water, frequently replenishing it that the grain may not burn, and constantly stirring it that every corn may undergo an equal process: it may be considered sufficiently boiled when all the corns have burst, and, when given, should have a little bran or finely-cut hay mixed with it.

About ten days or a fortnight after they are weaned, each foal should have a gentle dose of physic—one drachm to a drachm and a half of aloes, with a drachm of Castile soap, and the same quantity of ginger, will generally be found sufficient. At all events it is desirable to commence with a mild dose, and thereby ascertain the animal's constitution; it is much better to give a stronger dose in a week's time if requisite, than to overdo the mark at first. Strong purgatives are always objectionable, especially for young stock; and if they are prepared as they ought to be for two days previously with plenty of sloppy bran-mashes, and very little hay, a moderate quantity of aloes will generally produce the required effect. The day after the physic has been given, the foals should run out in the paddock for a short time, if the weather be fine, in order to work it off and take away the sickness: and an attendant should be at hand to keep them moving about, not by any means to hurry them and cause them to gallop and overheat themselves, but merely to keep them in motion until the physic has operated, when they may be returned into their hovels.

---

#### HANDLING FOALS.

Being a great advocate for mild treatment towards all animals, I cannot too strongly impress the necessity of the kindest usage towards young foals, and of accustoming them by almost imperceptible degrees to what will be eventually required from them. The state of alarm which many horses exhibit, does not emanate from their bad dispositions; it arises almost invariably from the ill-temper or ignorance of those who are about them. I have a hunter in my stable at the present moment, which was, before I had her, so vicious that she nearly kicked the stable down in which she stood. The farmer who bought her before she was broken sold her at a low price in consequence of her kicking propensities; he was afraid to ride her lest she should kick him off. Now all this arose from fear on the part of the mare, she being attended to in the stable by uncouth farming servants, who alarmed and ill-treated her. I have now a boy under fourteen years of age, and not more than four stone and a half, who generally rides her at exercise, and always

performs the subordinate occupation of rubbing legs and not unfrequently of washing her feet; this I should not trust to so young a child, who, by-the-bye, has not been in the stables more than six months, if she had not become particularly quiet. Like most well-bred horses she will lash out when being dressed under the belly and between the thighs, but not with any desire of kicking the groom. My orders are to perform the operation with as little roughness as possible, and to get the dirt off those parts by degrees; but this system is quite the reverse of what had previously been adopted. With a huge knot of hard straw in each hand, a farming servant would rub away at the accumulated dirt in those ticklish parts, till the mare was almost driven mad by pain, working upon her high courage; she resisted by kicking, for which she was, whilst still under her paroxysm of rage, beaten, a course that made her still more determined, and caused her, whenever anything excited her, to commence kicking by way of escape, having no doubt, on previous occasions, found that such a course eventually drove her persecutor away. Instead of the aforesaid knots of straw, I ordered a soft wisp of hay to be used, a linen rubber, and a soft horse-brush, and finding herself not irritated by such implements, she never attempts to exhibit any vice. So much for the stable.—When she is first mounted she will commence whisking her tail and setting up her back—that is, when she feels the cold saddle; but she never attempts anything of the kind with her clothing on, in which state the boy of course always rides her at exercise. This circumstance again proves the bad treatment she had originally been subjected to: she had never been accustomed to go to exercise with clothing on; but when ridden by her owner, on shewing a dislike to the saddle, the pannel of which was no doubt generally very damp, he commenced whipping her to tame her as he fancied, but which had the contrary effect, causing her to rebel. I can safely declare she has never been beaten by me, and all the means which I ever resort to is to sit still and hold her fast by the head in such a position that she cannot kick, which, in fact, she never attempts to do, a few flourishes of the tail being all the indication she ever gives of her former propensity. Moreover, she was so shy when I first had her that there was some difficulty in getting her to pass covered wagons and carriages; she now takes no more notice of them than if she had not seen them. The sight of a whip or stick in the hand of any person who might be riding by the side of me would alarm her to such a degree that I could scarcely induce her to go by them—a clear proof that she had been beaten about the head, the most unwarrantable act of foolery and brutality that a man can be guilty of: from custom and kind usage, however, she is become perfectly reconciled. She was seven years old when I bought her last November, therefore her propensities were pretty strongly confirmed. My motive for recounting these little events is merely to point out what mischief may arise from inconsiderate treatment, and the good effects of kind, but at the same time firm and persevering measures.

Different animals have different degrees of instinct, and the horse

possesses it to a great extent. They are not guided by reason, but yet they learn from experience: thus whatever has been the means of producing pain they will endeavor to avoid, and it is on this account so extremely necessary to associate every operation with something which will give them pleasure. A young horse is alarmed when the hand of man first approaches him; it is therefore highly necessary that such familiarities be at first associated with a reward; every time that he is fed he should be caressed, by which means he will soon court those favors, because he will also learn that they are introductory to his pleasures. When perfectly reconciled to one operation, he must gradually be taught to submit to another. When taken from the mare, a head collar with a short strap should be put on his head, and after he is perfectly reconciled to his situation, his education, or what is usually termed breaking, is to commence. If properly treated whilst at the foot of the mother, he will allow himself to be patted, and he must now be accustomed to have the mane and tail opened with a comb, and also to be wisped over once a day with a damp wisp. He will soon submit to have his feet taken up, the hand being previously passed down his legs: this, however, ought to have been performed at an earlier age, as the feet will in all probability have required to be pared out. Foals should be accustomed to have their mouths played with, and their tongues frequently taken hold of, as if they were going to have a ball administered: this should be done very tenderly, as the object is intended to use them to it in order that they may not be alarmed, and consequently unruly, when it is actually necessary to administer medicine. They should be occasionally led about by buckling a lounging rein to the head collar, or by substituting a small cavesson. All these little attentions working by degrees materially facilitate the positive act of breaking, and in case of accidents they are much more easily managed than they could be if not thus accustomed to kind usage. When the strangles attacks them, they will allow themselves to be treated with such remedies as the complaint requires, and which very frequently makes its appearance before the first twelve months have elapsed.

Daily exercise in the paddocks should be allowed during fine weather, but on no account when it is rainy: in the winter season they may be allowed to run out about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and should be taken in again at four in the afternoon: as the summer advances they may be let out earlier and allowed to remain out later, but in very hot weather they are better in the hovels during the heat of the day; they should under those circumstances go out at five in the morning, and remain out till nine or ten, when they are to be confined till the heat of the day has terminated; they may after that have their liberty till eight o'clock. At the age of eighteen months, it will be necessary to commence regular breaking, when, as a matter of course, they will be taken into the stable, whether they are intended to run at two years old or not. This duty ought not to be procrastinated, because it can be given up again if their services are not required.

The greatest attention should be paid to clearing the dung out of

the hovels; they should be kept as scrupulously nice as the best conducted stable: this is too frequently grossly neglected, and the consequences soon speak for themselves, and in no way more strongly than in the ravages which foul litter makes with the feet.

It is an old adage, and one that is very applicable, that "the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth." Too much care cannot be taken that all foals are supplied with the best descriptions of food, and in proper quantities; they may be never so well bred, but if they are not properly taken care of at an early age, they cannot be expected to thrive, and ultimately to compete, with such as are more attentively reared.

Two colts or two fillies may be allowed to occupy the same paddock, but they should, if possible, be accommodated with separate hovels. Many accidents arise from having a greater number kept in the same pasture; and as a matter of course the sexes must be kept apart.

---

#### CARE OF THE FEET.

When the great importance of sound healthy feet is taken into consideration, it will readily be admitted that I cannot too strongly point out the necessity of early attention to them. Even whilst at the side of its dam, every foal should have its feet inspected once a month, and any ragged and broken parts carefully taken off; but upon the treatment which the foal subsequently receives during the succeeding two years will greatly depend its goodness when it has arrived at a more mature development.

I have previously recommended dry pastures as being the most appropriate for breeding horses upon, and briefly noticed the means of obviating any defect which might cause injury to the feet in very dry seasons—that of supplying the paddock or yard with a quantity of clay, in such a situation that the foals would be induced to stand in it during a part of the day. If there be a yard or inclosed space at the entrance of each hovel—and which accommodation should be provided—that space may be covered with clay, which must of necessity be kept frequently watered in dry weather; otherwise, a few barrows full may be placed near the manger, so that when the foal is eating his corn he will be obliged to stand on the cooling surface. It is well known that very dry situations are apt to produce narrow feet with high heels; the fibres of the hoof are more dense and compact, consequently harder; it is therefore necessary to adopt such remedies as may counteract them. Such foals as appear to have high heels with narrow frogs require to have them lowered and opened, and to have some portion of the bars cut away: the heels will naturally expand by such remedies, and such feet will eventually become most perfect. They may require tips or half shoes, more effectually to throw the weight of the animal on the heels, but this must be brought about by imperceptible degrees; for all extremes are dangerous, and in nothing more so than tampering with the foot of a horse. When the complicated mechanism of its structure is taken into consideration, it is easy to

conceive what mischief may arise from inadvertency or neglect. Horses with very high heels are likewise very apt to be upright on their pasterns, consequently the means which are recommended to obviate the defect of one part will materially assist the other. These attentions to the feet are most seriously neglected at many of our very first-rate establishments, and numerous breeders never even give them a thought. I have frequently met with two-year-old colts that had never had their feet taken up; consequently, when they were to be broken, the difficulty of shoeing was naturally increased, and an aversion to the blacksmith not unfrequently generated from the circumstance of his being the first person to endeavor to exact from the animal a new act of subserviency. The position in which it is necessary to place the leg for the purpose of shoeing is evidently one of constraint, and nothing is so detrimental to the future good disposition of a horse as to place him all at once and unprepared in a situation in which he fancies himself about to be controlled without knowing why, and that such control is not intended to hurt or annoy him; but if foals have been accustomed to have their feet pared and rasped as occasion may require, the operations take place by degrees, and when it becomes necessary to affix shoes, the creature is not alarmed, having previously experienced no injury from quietly submitting to having his legs held in a similar manner.

Although dry situations in most cases will cause the feet to grow as just described, yet there will be some instances where the hoof will assume a different form, probably arising from a peculiar construction of the leg, upon the same principle that horses with upright pasterns, or which stand a little over at their knees, are subject to be high and narrow at their heels. Such as have long and low pasterns, and stand back upon their knees, will have low and wide heels. These differences may be attributed to the fact of the former bearing the greater portion of their weight upon the toes and centre of their feet, whilst the obliquity of pastern and conformation at the knee, generally denominated calf-knee, throw the weight of the forehand upon the heel: such feet are apt to be weak, and destitute of a sufficient portion of horny substance: the object, therefore, will be to promote its growth as much as possible, especially at those parts where it is most deficient, namely, at the heels and quarters; to effect which they should be dressed twice or three times a week with tar and treacle, melted together, and put on warm; the toes must be kept short, and a trifling portion of the front part of the hoof may be occasionally rasped away, but the quarters and heels must never be touched: the bars must also be encouraged to grow, and ought on no account to be reduced. Should it be considered necessary, a light shoe or plate may be nailed on in order to strengthen the foot; but it should not contain more than six nails, and they should be kept as forward as possible, so as not to confine or injure the heels, or to interfere with the growth of horny matter at the quarters. Such feet can scarcely be kept too dry, and are infinitely more objectionable than high and narrow heels, providing the latter have not become so from a diseased state of the internal

parts of the foot. Some horses, but not many thorough-bred ones, throw out a redundancy of horn: the great consideration with them will be, not to increase its growth, but occasionally to rasp it away, and keep it tolerably, but not too moist. The unelastic properties of such feet are the most to be apprehended, as their unyielding nature will not allow the sensible parts of the foot, which they encompass, the least relief; and if inflammation take place, the consequences will be readily anticipated. If a man's hand were to be enveloped in an unelastic and unyielding substance, merely spacious enough to contain it, and by any cause it should become inflamed, the pain which would arise may easily be conceived: or what happens from walking in tight shoes may furnish some idea of what a horse suffers, although shoes are seldom so hard, or, if hard, so tightly made as to produce pain to the extent which so unyielding a substance as a strong hoof would produce to the delicate machinery which it incloses.

Attention must be paid to the state of the frogs, which are very apt to become rotten from the disease called thrush. Tar is not only a preventive, but, if assiduously applied, will cure them. I am not aware of its being inapplicable to all sorts of frogs, although it is not desirable for very strong hoofs; all others will be benefited by the use of it. Its effect is enhanced by mixing an equal portion of treacle with it, and this ointment should be used once a week to all hoofs, except, as just stated, those which are already too gross. It possesses a peculiar influence in toughening the hoof, and of exciting it to grow; and, to such as require it, may be used advantageously two or three times during the week.

If thrushes become troublesome, it may be necessary to moisten the part twice a week with a little compound tincture of myrrh, after having thoroughly cleansed the part and cut away any ragged portions of the frog which may interfere. A little tow moistened with the tincture may also be applied; and if the whole be plentifully covered with tar, it will remain on for some time, provided the dressing be used in the evening when the subject is in the hovel.

Many persons treat thrushes with great indifference; indeed I have heard some assert that they were more desirable than otherwise. To this argument, however, I cannot subscribe. In the first place, they tend to weaken the foot; and as the frog appears to be an agent in expanding the heels, it follows that it should be preserved in a healthy state. If it be diseased, the animal naturally dreads throwing its accustomed weight upon that part from fear of the pain which is produced; the natural consequence of which is, that the heels, from want of due pressure, become contracted. It is not a very common thing to meet corns on the heels of foals or yearlings before they have been shod, which operation, when badly performed, is ascribed as the general cause; but they will sometimes present themselves even in a natural state if the foot has been neglected. It will sometimes happen, that there is an excessive growth of a small portion of the hoof at the corner of the heel, which turning inwards, and almost coming in contact with the bar, will produce a corn: the removal of the cause, and the cutting

away the corn, will in most cases prove a cure, the quarters being at the same time rasped away in order to give as much ease to the part as possible.

According to the formation of the leg, young horses will be apt to bear on particular parts of the foot; thus in case of the legs not being quite so straight as might be desired, the defects may in some degree be remedied by suitable means. In the human subject, children are very frequently afflicted with crooked legs, which by irons and proper management are rendered quite straight by the time they arrive at maturity. Much may be done for horses laboring under similar malformations; and although irons are not used with them, a remedy may be applied by a proper attention to the feet; thus, if a foal turns out his toes, they may be caused to grow at all events considerably straighter by lowering the inside heel gradually to the toe, and by applying a plate, or sort of half shoe, on the outer side; the reverse must be adopted if the foal turns his toes inwards.

(London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Feb., 1841.)

---

## A DEER HUNT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

[Continued from the January Number, page 65.]

---

### THE HUNT.

---

"Oh, bear me to the Mountains; to the Pines,—  
The Forest, would I go, where the fleet Hounds  
Pursue the dappled Deer.—EURIPIDES.

---

SCARCE had "the clashing through the gloom," the "first faint glimmering through the dusk" in the Eastern sky, announced the approach of day, before the cabin once more presented an animated scene of busy preparation. The hunters were all occupied, each seeking the particular duty most congenial to him. Some were feeding the dogs, others loading the guns, examining the tubes, and pouring the buckshot down the capacious barrels; while the Doctor, who had risen last, and been forced with no little difficulty from his bed—was consoling himself for his inhuman deprivation of sleep, as he termed it, by eating a most inordinate breakfast. This finished, he prepared to put on his leggings—a task to one of his make, after such a feed, of no little difficulty. By the aid of two chairs, he managed—after considerable exertion—to fasten them half way down his legs—a desperate effort enabled him to buckle the next strap below, but all attempts to advance further were utterly unavailing, and after straining until his face was purple and his wind gone, he was fain to desist. That assistance was indispensable he could no longer doubt; but how to get it without acknowledging its necessity was the difficulty. Such an admission would

have exposed him to a storm of ridicule that he did not dare to encounter. The opportune entrance of old Joe afforded a chance of escape. Rising from his seat, and seizing his gun, he called out—

“Come here, Joe, you old rascal, and fasten my leggings while I load my gun—I haven’t *time* to do both.”

The rebellious straps were soon buckled, and the Doctor was congratulating himself that his secret was safe, when the black, after removing beyond his reach, turned round, and with all the seriousness of one giving sincere and important advice, observed—

“Massa Doc’or hab better onbuckle him leathers afore he eat him supper, ’cause gin Joe be missin to-night he hab to sleep in um.”

This last idea was too much for the old fellow’s assumed gravity; a faint chuckle broke from him, in spite of his efforts, and the speed of his retreat alone saved him from the blow aimed by the incensed practitioner with the ram-rod he was using.

Every thing being at length in readiness, the party left the cabin. As they emerged into the open air, each man glanced upward at the sky, in which, though paled in lustre, a few stars were still shining. There all was encouraging; the mists of the previous evening had vanished, and the breeze—so light as hardly to stir even the smaller branches—blew from the quarter indicated by Mike as most favorable for the hunt.

At a sign from the Major the party gathered around him. He then said—

“Gentlemen, I believe we have determined to devote the whole day to old ‘crooked foot’—am I right?”

All assented.

“Then we shall only want a part of the dogs. If we put them all on the drag they will run the deer so fast it will be next to impossible to head him. Put after him a single dog, one that runs slow and has *plenty of mouth*, and it will not be difficult to get before him. Old Uncas is just the hound for the business. We can take Brant also, to guard against accidents, and the rest had better be left behind.”

All concurred in this arrangement, and were about to enter the wagon, when the Doctor suddenly exclaimed—

“Stop, gentlemen, for God’s sake!—we must not starve! All that remains of the provisions we brought with us will be consumed at dinner, and we have nothing to eat to-night; for if we get venison, our rule forbids us to touch it while we are in the woods.”

“The Doctor is right,” answered the Major, and raising his voice, he called to Joe. When that worthy approached, his master said to him—“We shall want but one wagon in the brush to-day, so do you go to the shore with the other. Take this money, and get four or five bushels of oysters, plenty of wild-fowl, and as many count of terrapin as you can collect. Have supper ready at six o’clock.”

“And hark you, Joe,” added the Doctor, “be sure you get the Egg Harbor terrapin; don’t let any of Mike’s *religious* friends along

shore put off on you any of their d——d yellow bellies from Chingoteague, that are as tough as a buffalo bull, and as rank as an alligator."

Having delivered himself of this characteristic caution, the Doctor placed himself against a tree to await his turn to enter the wagon. His quiet was soon disturbed by the approach of old Joe, who, touching his hat, made some pertinent remarks about the coldness of the morning, expressed his regrets that all the brandy in the cabin was locked up, as usual, and concluded with the modest request that the Doctor would give him some out of his own private bottle.

The latter, availing himself of the opportunity to deliver a few moral precepts—of which, to do him justice, he was very liberal, having the more for others as he never used any of them himself—replied—

"No, no! I cannot countenance drinking so early in the morning, Joe; it may lead to intemperance, and that I look upon as a sin second only to lying."

The black, who was an old and trusted servant, felt he might presume a little, and knowing his man, he was not to be so easily repulsed.

"Is lying so werry bad?" he asked.

"It's the worst of the vices," replied the suddenly rigid moralist.

"I's werry sorry"—said the cunning old rascal—"dat lying is so werry bad. I no can lie. 'Spose den dey ask me down dare"—pointing over his shoulder—"why Massa Doc'or no hab shoot dat deer, what I shall tell um?"

"Shut your d——d impudent throat," almost shouted the enraged man of medicine—"and yet," he muttered to himself, as he saw Joe turning away, "if I suffer him to go so, the scoundrel will have that infernal story all along shore before night, and I shall never dare to show my face there again."

"Come here, Joe," he continued, calling aloud, and in the blandest tones, "the morning is cold, and upon second thought I think a little brandy won't hurt you. Hold out your cup?"

A second invitation was not necessary. The Doctor poured into the cup a thimble full of the liquor, and telling Joe he should expect him to disguise a little the real facts of the accident, was about to screw the top on his bottle again. But Joe saw his advantage, and said, without moving his extended arm—

"Please, Massa, leetle drop more."

"You've got enough, you old sinner; you ought not to have any."

"Massa 'speck Joe to lie leetle—lying werry bad ting—Massa Doc'or hisself hab just say dat it's de wust ob de vices."

This was a poser, and not another word was spoken until the cup was nearly half full, which it was right soon.

"Now," said the Doctor, "what will you tell them?"

"What tell um?—why, tell um," said Joe, with an unwavering look of impudence, "dat Massa Doc'or's gun hab snap!"

"Come, come, Doctor!" they shouted from the wagon, "we have

been waiting for you this half hour—jump in at once, or we must leave you.”

Thus admonished, he was speedily in his seat, and the party started for the scene of their expected sport.

Four miles soon vanished beneath the feet of their fleet horses, and the hunters found themselves at the Western extremity of the basin in which they hoped to find the deer. One of the horses was immediately taken from the wagon, disencumbered of his harness, and Mike despatched on him to track the road enclosing the drive.

He had been gone but a short time before the Doctor, who had been observed to cast many longing glances at the wagon, proposed that they should get the basket and take something to eat.

“You surely do not want to eat again,” said the Major, “it is but little more than half an hour since you had your breakfast.”

“Breakfast!” growled the Doctor—“you don’t call that feed by candlelight breakfast! Breakfast is a meal of *to-day*—that was a thing of *last night*, a late supper at best. Well,” continued he, “if I can’t eat I can drink”—and out came his bottle. “Squire, won’t you take a drink?—I am sure you can’t resist your favorite, Horace—

“Cur non sub altâ vel platano vel hâc  
Pinu jacentes ..... Potamus?”

Here we are, reclining under a Pine, and, as you perceive, he conceives a drink the natural accompaniment of such a situation. You won’t, eh? Well, that’s no reason why I shouldn’t”—and up went the bottle to his lips.

“Ah, Squire, your education I fear has been sadly neglected. You have never been taught the consequences of such unnatural abstinence. Horace is *dead* against you—hear him.

‘Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit.’

Which means, as I take it, that on the *dry*, God imposes all sorts of hardships—and who are the dry, I should like to know, but them that don’t drink? You may incur the penalty, if you choose, but I don’t intend to be victimized when the way to escape is so easy and pleasant,”—and up went the bottle again.

The sound of a horse ridden at speed soon broke the silence that succeeded the Doctor’s discourse on temperance, and all eyes were turned in the direction from which the hunter’s appearance was expected. Nor had they long to wait. Rounding an angle in the road, Mike dashed into view; and long before he reached them, a glance at his face was sufficient to relieve their suspense, and announce the success of his mission, and that the time for action was come. As he jumped from his smoking horse, all crowded around him to hear his intelligence.

“I’ve tracked the deer we’re looking for into this here very drive,” said he, without waiting to be questioned, “and, unless he has wings, there he is yet, for he hasn’t come out on his legs. The sooner we *tackle* to him the better. I’ve got it all fixed—Doctor, you must stay here and watch that opening in the hills. The Squire must

go to the Red Oak stand. I'll plan the rest, and after tying up Brant in the wind, will put old Uncas on the drag. Squire, you must be *flippant*, for you've a long way to go. Better start right off. Doctor, don't forget to shoot agin; you must reckon on being surprised, for if old crooked foot comes your way, you'll see a pair of horns like a big arm chair, and a carcass like an ox."

"And, Doctor," added the Major as he turned to depart, "keep out of the dinner basket, or you'll be made acquainted with hunters' rules."

The rest of the company started for their stands, and the Doctor was left alone.

"How cursed hungry this keen air makes a man," he muttered after a while, "but it won't do to eat any of the dinner after that hint from the Major, about the rules—that's certain—for he is exactly the man to enforce them. I'll just go, however, and see what they've provided, it will be some little satisfaction, and there can't be any harm in that."

The basket was soon in his hands, and its contents the subject of his observation and remarks—

"Salt pork—humph!—a good thing—a capital thing—for *sea-faring men a month out*—sed 'non nobis Domine.' Ham, too—provisions salt, all salt—make excellent diet for such milksops as the Major and the Squire. I don't require it—I can raise a thirst any time without salt—Eh! what's this?—cold tongue, as I'm a sinner—they put it here on purpose to tempt me, I know they did—they knew I never could resist cold tongue. I'll just take a slice off here with my hunting knife—they'll never miss it." The Doctor soon verified the remark—"Que ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte," for slice followed slice until the tongue was half gone.

He next discovered that he was "cursed cold and sleepy," and going again to the wagon, provided himself with a buffalo robe and a cushion. Dragging them to his stand, he wrapped himself in the former, and lying down, put the latter under his head, after carefully cocking both barrels of his gun, and placing it within reach.

"When there are two ways of doing a thing," he soliloquized, "why not choose the comfortable one. Blessed be the beast that *grew* and the hand that dressed this skin. Here I am as comfortable as on my sofa at home. This must be what old Scrope means in that cursed *dear* book of his, by the term 'getting a *quiet* shot.' It's the very poetry of hunting. Nor is my efficiency at all impaired; the dog will give me warning when the deer's afoot, and I can seize my gun and be on my feet in an instant.—Y-a-w! I'm cursed sleepy, but I've determined not to go to sleep. I'll not shut my eyes longer than to wink. I'll just lie here and *think* a little."

Alas! alas! for the frailty of human resolves! His eye-lids drooped, grew heavier and heavier; each new effort to drag them open became severer than the last, until at length his nasal became more active than his visual organs, and a loud and regular snore proclaimed that the empire of *thought* had succumbed to that of sleep. Here we must leave him.

---

On one of the Northern summits of a circular ridge, enclosing

an area of about three miles in diameter, and affording a prospect of the region for miles around, stood the Squire. Above his head waved the gigantic limbs of the noble tree that gave its name to the stand he occupied—

"What a glorious tree is the old (Red) Oak,  
It has stood for a thousand years,"

defying alike the insidious approach of time and the furious rush of the tempest. Between the period when its vast proportions were "cabined and confined" within "the acorn that the breezes sport with" up to the present moment, where it stands "the oak that defies the storm," what a revolution has taken place within the territory, over which it seems in solitary grandeur to preside. It

"Has seen the free born hunters of the wild,  
Chasing the fleet deer in his antler'd glory,

and now it sees the white man, bent on the same pleasures, standing in the shade that the Indian has adandoned for ever.

It was early morning, the childhood of the day, when all nature is most fresh and beautiful, and a magnificent scene met the gaze of the hunter. Far in the distance, directly between him and the rising God of day, old Ocean upheaved his bosom—

Half "in the deep the sun his glory hides,  
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;  
The purple clouds their amber linings show,  
And edged with flame rolls every wave below."

The view towards the South was bounded by the opposite arc of the circular ridge. Looking over the sea of brush within the basin, the eye fell upon high peaks, projecting at intervals above the ridge, like turrets o'er a battlement; the bare and rugged aspect of some contrasting with the verdant garb of others, whose sides were clothed with the Pine, the Laurel, and all the rich garniture of the woods, presenting, when the breeze swept along their surface, from summit to base, one unbroken mass of waving verdure. Towards the South-East a scene of ruin and decay marked the passage of the fire storm. Over a vast surface, innumerable forest trees, that once reared their heads in strength and beauty, now limbless and barkless, rose like silver columns towards the sky, doomed ere long to join the companions that had preceded them in their fall, and which, in every stage of decay, lay piled along the soil they once had shaded. As each instant in some one of the countless thousands, the gnawing tooth of time, completing the destruction the fire had begun, severed the last atom necessary to preserve it erect, crack after crack breaking the solemn stillness of the forest, announced that another and yet another had found its final resting place on the earth. Through the centre of this desolate tract, like an oasis in the desert, wound a narrow belt of green, that seemed miraculously to have escaped the devastating element. The deeper hue of the foliage, and the blue haze circling around it, explained the mystery of its exemption, and told that there the pure and limpid waters of a cedar branch were gliding on their noiseless way, to yield their tribute to the ocean.

Short time was there for further observation, for now "the gallant chidings" of the hound is borne to the ears of the hunter from the farther extremity of the hollow. Onward he comes, slowly but without check, filling the woods with music. He reaches the centre of the basin, and his notes suddenly cease. Now is the hunter examining most attentively his gun, and searching most carefully with his glance the brush around. A deer always turns and makes his bed to the leeward of the course he has been pursuing, and he concluded that the dog, having come to the end of the straight course, had overrun the track. Nor was he disappointed. The check lasted but a moment. A yell, as if the voices of a thousand dogs were in his single throat, burst from old Uncas, and told that he had reached the lair the quarry had just abandoned. No longer needing to seek each separate track—for the whole air teems with "the tainted gale"—with head erect, and almost at racing speed, directly towards the hunter, comes the hound. Two hundred yards only separate him from his master; a minute more and the distance is diminished one half. Surely, surely, the deer must now show himself on the hill—but no, it may not be. Approaching to the distance last named, the dog suddenly turns, and the course he now takes will bear him direct to the stand of the Doctor.

Each instant the Squire expects to hear the report of his gun. At length, after listening most anxiously in uncontrollable surprise, he exclaims—

"God of heaven! *the dog has crossed the road!* What on earth can it mean? That big brute must have passed within fifty yards of the doctor's stand, and yet his gun is silent!"

If, dear reader, the Squire had been as well acquainted as you and I are with that worthy's preliminary proceedings, his surprise, no doubt, would have been considerably diminished.

For a while the hunter hesitated, but perceiving that the deer was making for the North, his resolution was taken in an instant. Dashing down the ridge, and entering one of the many blind roads opened in every direction through the forest, by the charcoal burners, to enable them to carry the produce of their toil to market, he sprang forward at his utmost speed towards the east.

The decision he formed was a wise one. The deer was running from the water, but the hunter knew that it would have to return, and there cool its burning flanks before it could shake off the true and steady hound that followed on its traces. The clamor of the dogs at the cabin would prevent its turning to the West: to the East, therefore, he sped, in order to intercept it in its flight to the sea. Fainter and fainter grew the cry of the dog, until finally it became wholly inaudible and the hunter stopped in the road on the summit of a hill, that he might catch its first returning notes.

After a considerable interval, the sound, instead of growing gradually more distinct, seemed to rise out of the very earth—so suddenly was it again heard—at a short distance only to the North of the line in which he had been running, and the dog seemed taking a course that would intersect that line much in advance of him.

"By Heavens!" he exclaimed, as he again sprang forward, "the hills have intercepted the sound till now, and here have I continued when I should have been far, far ahead. It is too late—I fear me it is too late now."

Gallantly did he strive to repair his error. Every muscle was stretched—every nerve strained—but he soon saw that in spite of all his efforts, the deer must cross the woods before he could arrive within shooting distance of the crossing place. Only one chance remained for him, and of this he promptly availed himself. The chace was sweeping towards the South; quitting, therefore, the road he was in, he struck into another that joined it, on his right. Up this he ran with "unabated zeal," though flagging energies, until he reached a spot where he determined to remain. Farther on, the timber had been cut off, and its place supplied by a growth of young pines, so thick as to be almost impenetrable, and he well judged that no buck having horns such as this must bear, would enter with a dog at his heels, a thicket so dense. He would most likely run along its edge, which would bring him to the very spot chosen for the stand. The nature of the ground, too, was favorable to such an event. Two lofty ridges separated wide at their farther extremities, but gradually converging, and at this place meeting so nearly as to leave only a small opening between, afforded him the most natural outlet to the plain. The cry of the dog shewed that the deer was already within the ridges; at this point, then, most probably, he would seek to escape. The tract was covered with heavy timber, with only a thin and scattered undergrowth, not sufficient to impede the view or obstruct the passage of the shot.

These ideas flashed like lightning through the mind of the hunter, as he braced himself against a tree, panting and breathless, his heart in his throat with excitement, while from exhaustion every gasp "almost" with sobs he drew.

A second time to-day he hears the dog approaching him, and every sense is strained to catch the first intimation of the coming of his game. A noisy jay flies from the edge of the pass, and rises to the tree tops, filling the air with its harsh and discordant cries. The eye of the hunter no longer wanders; on that spot it is fixed with eager expectation. All at once the gun, late so firmly grasped, shakes like a reed in the wind. For the first time he sees the deer; not emerging through the pass, but boldly crossing the brow of the hill, and coming directly towards him. For a brief moment he was unnerved: but the recollection that his success depended upon his coolness, made him firm and collected. Onward comes the object of his gaze, his *flag* erect, his branching antlers laid along his back, his glossy coat glistening in the sunshine. Beware! beware! gallant deer! that course will lead thee on to destruction! Already the gun is levelled; an eye that is unerring is glancing down its barrels; a finger that is true is even now beginning to press upon its trigger. One more bound—and then a flash glances for an instant through the woods, and pales in the sunlight; the loud booming report of the heavy gun follows, and the torn and

riven branches show where the shot have been directed through them.

An increased speed and a violent switching of his tail, are the only visible effects of the discharge upon the deer.

Again the gun is levelled, and as he leaps into the road where not a twig was between his broadside and the muzzle, the second barrel pours forth its deadly contents.

A feeling of bitter mortification came over the hunter as he saw the noble buck continue on, apparently with unabated vigor, and when an angle of the hill took it from his view, his gun dropped to the length of his arm, and in deep despondency he exclaimed—

“My God! can it be possible I have twice missed such a mark as that! If I had killed that monster the deed would never have been forgotten. And to face the Doctor after such a day’s work—By G—d! I can’t do it!—I’d rather walk all the way home.”

But the dog was now near at hand, and he must be stopped at all events, for the Squire knew that a deer, even when mortally wounded, will run for miles with a dog after him to quicken his blood, but if left to himself, that his exertions will cease as he becomes weak, and then his wounds will stiffen, his blood congeal, and he will lay himself quietly down to die. Taking his stand many feet to leeward of the track—for *there* the dog will run, with such a burning scent—after a short struggle he secures him, and drawing a wired cord from his pocket, ties him to a sapling. The gun is then carefully re-loaded, and he proceeds to examine the brush.

The shot of both barrels have cut right, and stooping down over the track, he discovers many hairs, whose ragged ends prove that they have been severed by the shot. Hope springs up once more, and yet he doubts, for not one drop of blood can he find.

Alone he proceeds along the track. Suddenly his foot is suspended, and he gazes intently at his leggings. His finger is applied to a spot upon them—it is blood!

As he advances the signs thicken—the deer has begun to jump short—now his pace has become a walk—and here, on the ascent of this hill, he has stopped. Beneath his foot-prints the leaves are matted together—the cement is blood! a large pool of which has stained the sand around.

No longer doubting, the hunter hurries on his search—he gains the top of the hill, and the track turns toward a nursery of young pines. Here, dead or alive, he felt certain he should find the deer. Going to the leeward of the track he enters the thicket; the trees of which it was composed not rising above his shoulders. Towards the centre he sees that the saplings are bent down. A single spring carried him to the opening, and there lies “the antler’d monarch of the waste,” stiff in death, the life blood welling from his wounded side.

For a moment joy holds the hunter mute, and then as one hand seizes the antlers, each beam of which had borne ten snags aloft, and the other dashes the glittering knife into the throat, he rings out the death halloa in tones that wake the echo far around. The

old hound catching the well-known notes, sent back a responsive howl, and then silence resumed her wonted empire o'er the woods, no object relieving the savage wildness of the scene, save on the lone hill where stood the hunter in solitary triumph beside his victim.

TARKILL.

*February 16, 1841.*

---

## REMARKS ON OUR FASHIONABLE RACING STALLIONS.

---

*[Continued from our last Number, page 142.]*

---

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

---

AMONGST the many stallions, direct descendants from old Blacklock, we have no fewer than five in high favor with our influential breeders of racing stock—viz., Velocipede, Voltaire, Buzzard, Belshazzar, and Laurel.

Of VELOCPEDE, as a racer, a few observations will suffice to prove him the best horse of his day. As a two-year-old his speed shewed itself in a high degree, and his commanding figure and fashionable blood got him many admirers, who backed him heavily to win the St. Leger in 1828. A race at the York Meeting, previous to the great Doncaster event, in which Velocipede was concerned, will be ever memorable to those who witnessed it. The Field, if I recollect right, consisted of five or six horses of character; one of the lot, indeed, John Scott thought stood rather in his way, as regarded his Stable for the Leger; and consequently Velocipede was to "break the hearts of all" in this race. According to orders, William Scott jumped off with Velocipede, and before they had run half a mile he was fifty yards a-head of the lot: he continued to gain ground to the end, when he was a good hundred and fifty yards before the second, a grey colt by Viscount, who was at least half that distance before the third: the others were run to a complete stand still. Never was such superiority before exposed on the Turf since Eclipse's famous Epsom race, when he distanced the whole Field. Velocipede's backers for the Leger, however delighted they might have been upon the spur of the moment, certainly had cause to complain at the extraordinary manner with which their *pet* was used upon this occasion: in fact, it was this race that rendered him unsound for life; for although he managed to run third for the St. Leger, after making the most destructive running imaginable to accommodate his stable companion, The Colonel, yet he was notoriously lame at starting. In the following year he was sufficiently "patched up" to win his engagements—the last his most brilliant one of the year, the Tradesmen's Cup at Liverpool, at a high weight, beating all the best horses in the North. Velocipede is a beautiful chesnut with white legs, and, as Mr.

Jones would say, a "white-faced-'un." His stock to a colt or filly turn out with his *forte*; *i. e.* they are famous for speed. Amongst a very great number of capital winners, Velocipede is the sire of the following celebrated racers:—Queen of Trumps, winner of the Oaks and St. Leger in 1835; Hornsea, winner of the Goodwood Cup in 1836; Amato, winner of the Derby in 1838; Valentissimo, Chit-Chat, Fieschi, Lightfoot, Mickleton Maid, Valaincourt, and Confederate. Velocipede and Muley are the only stallions that have got the winners of the three great yearly Turf events—the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger; viz., Velocipede, with Queen of Trumps, Oaks and St. Leger 1835, and Amato, Derby in 1838; Muley, with Margrave, St. Leger 1832; Vespa, Oaks 1833; and Little Wonder, Derby 1840.

To follow the Blacklock blood I come to one of the most magnificent animals ever foaled—I mean VOLTAIRE. The wonderful running of Velocipede in 1828 induced the betting gentry to mark with attention the different sons of Blacklock, and Voltaire shewed pre-eminently above the rest. As a two-year-old, he won his engagements in a very superior style, and was all the winter of 1828 the prime favorite at Tattersall's for the St. Leger, a time when there really was some betting on the race. Like Velocipede, Voltaire came out as a three-year-old at York, and there his vast superiority over his companions was so apparent that it got him backers for the great Northern prize at 4 to 1. An old sporting northern country friend of mine, when speaking of the St. Leger 1829, says, "it always makes my heart ache when I think how Voltaire was handled—he *ought to have won three lengths*." Be this, however, as it may, it was generally admitted that Chifney over-did the thing, by laying so wide of Rowton; and to this circumstance alone may be ascribed Voltaire's defeat. I recollect Tommy Lye was so satisfied that Voltaire ought to have won the Leger, that when he mounted him for the Cup on the Thursday, he took the odds to win nearly £800, although the Field opposed to him was of a first rate character. Voltaire, however, won the Cup and Tommy Lye's money in a common canter. This was his last race.—According to the opinion of that capital judge of racing, John Smith, Voltaire was one of the most perfect runners ever trained; and his stock have turned out amazingly fine. The principal winners by this justly-approved stallion are, Alzira, Cowboy, Slashing Harry, Henriade, The Dean, Charles the Twelfth (winner of the St. Leger 1839), Harpurhey, Yorkshire Lad (dead), Thirsk (one of the best two-year-olds of 1840), and Viceroy.

BUZZARD is a stallion of considerable note, and is a very fine animal. He is the sire of Phœnix (winner of the Riddlesworth in 1838), Dædalus, Tawney Owl, and many other good winners. Buzzard had a good share of mares last season.

LAUREL, from some cause or another certainly not easily explained, gets very few mares. This is the more singular as he is a very finely-shaped horse, and his performances are scarcely inferior to any horse of his time. Laurel ran at all weights and distances, and in every instance proved himself thorough game, a qua-

lification of no mean nature as regards breeding for the Turf. Let Laurel have his share of mares, and I hesitate not to say that his stock will turn out of a high degree.

A great deal might be said in praise of BELSHAZZAR, both as a racer and stallion; but as he is the youngest of "the five," and in consequence, his doings on the "slippery sod" being quite fresh in the recollection of racing men, it will be enough to touch here and there upon his performances as a racer. At two years old he was *one* of the best, if not the *very* best, colts of his year, as his Doncaster running will shew; and as a three-year-old he "*might, could, would, and should*" have carried off the great St. Leger in 1833. Mr. Watt, however, thought proper to win with his other horse, Rockingham. Belshazzar is the sire of Cara (winner of the One Thousand Guineas Stakes in 1839), Benjamin, Fitzroy, Ruler, and, besides many others of note, Belgrade, a rattling outside favorite for the Derby, and lately sold by Mr. Allen to Mr. Goodman, for 800gs. Belshazzar is a splendid animal.\*

Perhaps the most fashionable stallion of the present day is GLAUCUS. The old Partisan blood was always held in high repute by the racing men, and now Glaucus is left its only representative; or, in other words, is the only stallion by Partisan that a breeder would think of sending a mare to. The career of Glaucus on the Turf was brilliant in the extreme. As a two-year-old he was unquestionably the best colt of his day, and at three years, although never at any period of the season up to the mark, he ran his races honestly and well. At four years, however, he was ripe, and few horses within the last twenty years could have beaten him for the Ascot Cup in 1834, which race he won quite in a canter from the *élite* of the South country horses. Glaucus ran on well when five years old, and, taken altogether, was one of the best "wear and tear" horses that had appeared for years. For the Derby 1833 he was a rattling favorite; on the morning of the race not more than 3 to 1 could be got against his winning, and his spirited owner, Mr. R. Ridsdale, stood heavily on him—his running was wretched; as Wheatley observed, the horse could not face the "hill" from want of condition, although to the eye he looked well enough. Last year was the second season of Glaucus' stock coming before the public, and it must be owned that he has made a "hit" for his worthy owner, as the following names (several of which, it will be observed, figure as favorites for the Derby,) testify:—colt out of Rosalie, first favorite for the Derby; Jack Sheppard; filly out of Baleine, a capital winner at Goodwood; The Nob, a *dangerous* Derby outsider; Palæmon, second favorite for the Derby; Mangolian, the *pride* of the Epsom folks, and the *hope* of the City speculators; Joachim, the Jersey Derby nag; St. Cross, and Morning Star. This season I understand Glaucus's number of mares is to be limited; therefore it behoves gentlemen to look out in time if Glaucus be their fancy.

SHEET ANCHOR has commenced his character as a stallion well.

\* The author does not appear to be aware that Belshazzar had been exported to the United States.—Ed. T. R.

He is the sire of Kedge, winner of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster; and at the moment I am writing she stands first favorite for the Oaks, at 7 to 1 only against her winning. Ben Brace also ran his races well. There are several promising colts by Sheet Anchor in the Derby. As a racer, Sheet Anchor's career on the Turf was short: he notwithstanding beat some of the best horses of his day, giving weight away. His last race in 1836, for the Portland Handicap, was a very easy victory over some first-rate horses. The Lottery blood, in all probability, will become again popular through the influence of Sheet Anchor.

It is somewhat strange that the celebrated **PLENIPOTENTIARY'S** stock should turn out such wretched creatures; to be sure the mares sent to him have been rather limited. Diplomatist, a good favorite for the last year's Derby, is unquestionably the best, up to the present time, of Plenipotentiary's get; yet he is a very infirm animal, and will, I guess, never stand training sufficient to enable him to compete even with moderate horses. As a racer, Plenipotentiary was supposed, at the period of the Derby 1834, to be the best three-year-old that had appeared for many years: he certainly won very easily, but as far as my judgment goes, Priam's Derby was quite as splendid an achievement; and, to push the comparison further, I will quote from an old *Newmarketer*, who, when asked his opinion respecting the two sons of Emilius, said, "Plenipo was never worthy to stand in the same stable with Priam." The old gentleman, it must be added, was a good winner on Priam in all his great races, therefore it is nothing but natural that he should be strongly prejudiced in his favor. By-the-bye, it is to be greatly regretted that Mr. Dixon and his spirited friend were so unfortunate in America as not to be able to come to terms about Priam: to be sure 6000 guineas was no joke to give, taking all things into consideration.

Perhaps no horse has been more under-rated as a stallion than **MULATTO**. With every recommendation to a breeder of racing stock, whether pedigree or performance be his consideration, Mulatto for several seasons was sadly neglected. As a racer he stood decidedly at the top of the tree in the North as a Cup-horse, and I need only name the following excellent runners to prove his superiority as a stallion, over most of his high-priced cotemporaries:—Bloomsbury, winner of the Derby in 1839, beating Deception and *nineteen others*; Maroon, the horse *wot ought* to have won the St. Leger 1840; Black Beck; Mr. Ewart's Melody colt, a *crack* favorite for the last Derby; Molineux, and Easingwold. Strange as it may read, there is *not a Mulatto colt* in the Derby entry 1841, although there were originally *one hundred and fifty-six nominations*!

**SIR HERCULES** is deservedly a popular stallion. With the name of old Whalebone all my readers are fully acquainted, and his son, Sir Hercules, seems likely to keep the blood fashionable. Sir Hercules ran well for two seasons, and was third for the St. Leger in Rowton's year (1829), a year remarkable for the number of good three-year-olds out. He is the sire of Coronation, a very promis-

ing colt for the Derby; also of The Corsair, Cruiskeen, Hydra, Jenny Jones, and many other good runners.

PHYSICIAN's stock have scarcely kept up the character of their sire during the last two seasons; still several good performers may be named that own Physician as their sire; amongst them, Dr. Caius, Galen, and Gallipot. When the first two-year-olds by Physician came out, no stallion had more winners annexed to his name at the year's end than this son of Brutandorf, and consequently his number of mares increased. As a racer Physician was the "leader" for two years in the Liverpool and Manchester district for the Cup races, and he was remarkable for stoutness in running, and the power of endurance—no mean qualifications to breeders of the blood horse.

PANTALOOON has been all but a private stallion in the Marquis of Westminster's stud, and his stock have amply repaid his Noble Owner, as well as proved the correctness of the Noble Marquis's judgment in reserving Pantaloon for his own use. The blood of Castrel, the sire of Pantaloon, is getting scarce. The following capital runners have been sent from the Noble Marquis's stud, all got by Pantaloon:—Cardinal Puff, The Lord Mayor, Sleight-of-Hand, and Sir Ralph. The Marquis of Westminster has two very racing-like colts by Pantaloon in the Derby this year; viz., Satirist, a good stout runner as a two-year-old, and, or I mistake, an improving animal for this season; and Van Amburgh, own brother to Sleight-of-Hand. Pantaloon is a very fine animal.

JERRY, winner of the St. Leger in 1824, has greatly fallen off as a stallion, and now he is anything but in fashion with our breeders. With some of the most speedy blood in his veins, being got by Smolensko, out of Louisa by Orville, he has scarcely got anything that could race with a moderate *tit*. Clearwell and The Black Diamond are the best of his get, and these were *more* remarkable for *softness* than for *speed* or stoutness. Jerry's performances as a racer read well.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Feb., 1841.

---

### "MEDOC" AND SOME OTHER "GOOD 'UNS."

---

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR SIR: As a plain matter-of-fact man I cannot exactly concur in the conclusions of your intelligent correspondent "Alpha," as furnished in your February Number, in the very interesting article, written "con amore," on "The Get of Medoc—Comparisons of their Speed and Bottom," etc.

Without meaning to detract *at all* from the deservedly high reputation of Medoc, as a Race-Horse and Stallion—so far as my humble judgment is worth any thing, I cannot admit that, in *either* respect, he was an Eclipse, or a Highflyer, or a Herod, or a Diomed.

Far from being willing to offend, I will simply remark *such* comparisons smack a little of Western Orientalism, giving rather too much "preference to *every thing Western* over every thing from any other clime." This, however, is Alpha's admitted "passion." But I shall enter upon the discussion *dispassionately*, partaking, in a measure of Alpha's feeling, having myself witnessed, with no small pleasure and its full share of national pride, the gigantic strides of the West, "its astonishing *rapidity* in *every* improvement, in civilization and refinement," which may justly be "a matter of personal pride" with every patriotic citizen. In these respects I cheerfully admit our Western friends have greatly outrun (her maximum of speed having been long since acquired) "Merry Old England;" but, I opine, the Western horses have *yet* to improve their rapidity, to keep pace, any distance, with such English patriarchs as "either Marske, Rockingham, Highflyer, Eclipse, Herod, or Diomed;" nor can I discover that Medoc's get bear a nearer analogy to their illustrious and almost incomparable progeny—Eclipse, Shark, Sir Peter (one only of *two hundred and ninety-seven* of the famed progeny of Highflyer), King Fergus, Pot-8-o's, Mercury, Volunteer, Dungannon, Saltram, and other of the famed progeny of Eclipse, &c. &c.; or to our own Virginia-bred Sir Archy, Florizel, Duroc, &c., renowned sons of Diomed.

"Was Sir Archy, that royal father of noble bloods (the circumstances of both being properly weighed), too, better in the stud" than Medoc? Independently of the longer period of his services, with the aid of more high-bred mares, does not the superior character of Sir Archy's numerous distinguished progeny conclusively answer this question? We have only to refer to Timoleon (sire of Boston, Omega, Sally Walker, &c.), to Lady Lightfoot (dam of Black and Bay Maria, Shark, and others), to Sir Charles (sire of Trifle, Andrew, Wagner, Fanny Wyatt, &c.), to Bertrand (sire of John Bascomb, Woodpecker, Grey Medoc's dam, &c.), to Stockholder, Vanity, Reality, Rattler, Sumter, Virginian, Contention, John and Betsey Richards, Henry, the Janets, Flirtilla, Marion, Gohanna, Pacific, "*cum multis aliis*;" and in the next generations, besides the few named, to Lady Clifden, Atalanta, Mingo, Fanny, Picton, Portsmouth, Betsey Ransom, Mary Randolph, Post Boy, Decatur, Zelina, Balie Peyton, Gano, Job, Reliance, Fordham, Grey Eagle, Birmingham, &c. &c. Are Ripple, Red Bill, Black-nose, Grey Medoc, &c., *yet* elevated to the high standing of those named? Medoc has probably been, for several years, the most successful stallion in Kentucky. Within a short period an astonishing number of his get appeared as winners, but chiefly at short distances. In the only crack four mile heat run by any of Medoc's get, so far as I am informed, his son Grey Medoc (Greydoc) had an advantage of *near a year and eight pounds weight* to Henry; and, *if* the time be correctly reported, was beat, in at least one second more, 7:38, by Bee's-wing, a fleet daughter of Leviathan. *En passant*, I will here remark another of his fleet daughters, of near equal fame, Zelina, who has hardly had justice done her. With the disadvantage of a game leg she beat the renowned Wagner, *cæteris paribus*,

notwithstanding what may have been said to the contrary: and her judicious trainer, Nichols, is of opinion that both being in good condition, on a fair field, she could always have done so. Yet Maria Black, in the same stable, was superior to Zelina, having run, with ease, in a three mile heat, two miles in 3:45, being, too, of unflinching game, she was only defeated by accident, or when out of condition. With the exception of these three mares, Wagner was perhaps the best four miler of his day *West* of the Alleghany. I concur with Alpha, however, that, *cæteris paribus*, Wagner might have found "Grey Eagle a worthy competitor in any field." Their contests were certainly very distinguished; manifesting great speed, bottom, and endurance. It does not at all surprise me that their racing powers should have been thereby destroyed. "Richard" has not been "himself again." But may not the extraordinary time made in that race, as in many others, have been in a measure ascribable to a *wonderfully quick course*? Is not the Oakland, when in its best condition, *superlatively* adapted to speed? Why do not *the same* horses make such time *elsewhere*?

The many examples of the excellent running of the Medocs, as furnished by Alpha, it must be confessed, are very imposing. But I must here correct one obvious error in the statement: that "Red Bill (by Medoc) has run the *fastest* heat, and the fastest *two* heats," of three miles, that have been run in our country. Alpha furnished the time as follows:—

Red Bill's race, 1840.....	{ First heat..... 5:40 }	} best two, 11:28
	{ Second heat.. 5:48 }	

Alpha will allow me to furnish *one* example of rather more speed, if not bottom:—

Argyle & Wonder's race, 1839	{ First heat..... 5:47 }	} best two, 11:27
	{ Second heat .. 5:40 }	

Both heats closely contested by them.

In this race Argyle, nine years old (one of his get having won a great Sweepstakes the preceding day), carried 124lb. Wonder, the preceding week, in the best time *for that course*, was beat, near Washington City, by Portsmouth, in 5:47—5:48. At Fairfield, the previous week, the "nonpareil," Boston, beat the famous Lady Clifden a three mile heat in 5:45, the best time *for that course*. Lady C., it will be recollected, made the best aggregate time *on the Union Course*, when she beat Picton, Fanny Wyatt, and Mingo, (*by twenty-seven seconds*!)—that three heats of four miles have been run in this country—7:44—7:43—7:56=23:23. Mingo had run a *third* heat, after two slow heats, in 7:47! At Trenton, Andrewetta has lately run a *second* head of three miles in 5:42, after one of 5:48, two seconds slower than Red Bill's aggregate—beating Treasurer. The *bottom* of the Sir Archy stock has been unsurpassed.

When the relative speed of race-horses is attempted to be estimated by time, reference should be had to the facility of the performance, the weight, and *the usual time of the course*. If I be

correctly informed, Grey Eagle, by Woodpecker, has made quicker time on the Oakland Course, than any Medoc or other race nag in the West. Though three heats of three miles may have been run, in Kentucky, in 17:17, being *one* second quicker than Omega's time, at the same distance; and another of Medoc's get may have run *there* four heats, of three miles, in 23:14, being eight seconds quicker than *Bertrand*, ten than *Argyle*, and *sixteen seconds quicker than Medoc's best race*, in their much lauded achievements, yet, for one, I am slow to believe a *little Ripple* is to wreck their colossal fame; or that of Boston, Polly Hopkins, Sussex, Sally Walker, Ariel, Mazeppa, Mingo, Post Boy, Portsmouth, Camden, Treasurer, Reliance, Wonder, *Omega*, *Clarion*, *Andrewetta*, and some others of the most famous of our three milers.

By the way, in regard to the *three* last, and *Argyle* also, it may be remarked, as somewhat curious, that *their dams* were by Ogle's Oscar, through whose veins, *sans tache*, the purest blood has been transmitted, embracing that of Medley (nearly allied to the famed Sir Peter), conveying with it his grey color to Omega and Andrewetta.

Omega, on the *Washington City Course*, won a four mile heat in 7:40; and lately, near Augusta, Ga., a *second* heat of four miles in 7:45. Andrewetta, near Raleigh, N. C., distanced a respectable field, four miles, in 7:46. When the get of Medoc shall run *the distance* in such time, and with their weights for age, he may be compared as a stallion, without injustice, to Timoleon and Andrew; but there will yet remain much more for them to do, to give *him* the reputation of a Sir Archy.

I have great faith in blood. That of Medoc entitles him to have been a superior race-horse and stallion. He has, I believe, an unblemished pedigree, independently of its union with American Eclipse, and Maid of the Oaks, his grandam. She had astonishing speed, and was one of the best four milers, in the opinion of the best judges, that has run on the Washington Course—a course so renowned for the achievements of Post Boy, Consul, Oscar, Duroc, Tuckahoe, Eclipse, Lady Lightfoot, &c., down to the days of Boston, Decatur, Fanny Wyatt, Omega, and Andrewetta. As a race-horse, Medoc must rank secondary to Mingo (in that respect the best son of Eclipse), and to the unconquered Fanny, that in about a dozen victories, more than those of her sire, has acquired more fame, from her *public* running, in beating Passenger, Treasurer, Omega, Gano, Fordham, &c., than American Eclipse himself, excepting from his match with Henry. When put to the same test, Fanny may hereafter obtain equal renown, not unsuitable to a half sister of Wagner. Mingo, however, had the advantage over Medoc, of a union of the Sir Archy blood with that of Eclipse; a combination in his get so advantageous to Mingo. For renown, both on the turf and in the stud, in my humble judgment, *none* but Sir Archy deserves to be regarded as the American Highflyer. It remains to be seen if his *incomparable* descendant, Boston, as compared with our race-horses of modern times, for at least twenty years since, can in the stud supply his unoccupied place, and maintain his own

renown, and that of his illustrious ancestors—Florizel, Sir Archy, and Timoleon—that were respectively at the head of our Turf; and, excepting himself, as good race-horses as have run in our country, if not the *very best*. Boston retires with an *unrivalled* reputation: one, too, much longer enjoyed than by any other “illustrious predecessor.” For years he has *defied* all opposition at three and four mile heats. From the bottom he exhibited in his last race, taking, as it were, a single competitor of high character, too, in each heat, both run in capital time, (the last 7:49—Eclipse’s time), and from his speed in the third mile (1:53) almost without a struggle, when he beat Gano, I have but little doubt that, *on that occasion, he might have run his four miles, carrying, too, 126lb., lower down in the thirties than a four mile heat has ever been achieved in this country.* The rate of 1:53 a mile would bring out a four mile heat in 7:32; and supposing the other three miles had been run in 1:54 each, it would have been 7:35—about the time Boston would have made *on the Union Course*, had his competitor, Charles Carter, been able to have made him run the fourth mile. “Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.”

In this last race, the Editor of the “Spirit of the Times,” who was present, and gave the time of each mile, states that Boston ran the first and third miles in 3:42!—quicker than *any* two miles have been run in this country—and that the *three* miles were run in 5:36!—time also unprecedented; and that on their termination Charles Carter was so completely blown up, that Boston was brought down to a mere canter the last mile, and *yet* completed his four miles in 7:40! In his *scores* of victories, having been constantly in training and running in public, from the Spring he was three, to late in the Fall after he was seven years old, he has not only beat *all* competitors at three and four mile heats, but such first raters as The Queen, Lady Clifden, Omega, Andrewetta, Duane, Balie Peyton, Decatur, Gano, Vashti, Bandit, Santa Anna, Reliance, &c. &c.

Lady Clifden has run by twenty-seven seconds the best three heats of four miles; Omega by five seconds the best four mile heat at Washington, before which Decatur had five seconds precedence (excepting his time ten seconds); and Balie Peyton and Duane by eight seconds had run the best four mile heat at the Central; The Queen had never before been put up; Andrewetta’s time at Newmarket was four seconds better than Henry’s and Betsey Richards’; and, in two four mile races there, won by Boston, he made better time than had been before made; his second heat, *six* seconds better than the best time there, by Sir Charles, Andrew, Henry, John and Betsey Richards, &c. These circumstances, and his being *several years the Champion of the Turf*, and *retiring as such*, seem to justify the opinion that Boston is *the Eclipse of America*, if his grandsire, Sir Archy, may be the Highflyer. If there be any doubt on this head, by the most sceptical, would it not be dissipated at once by the authority and opinion of “the Napoleon of the Turf,” whose judgment in these matters has been so long regarded as almost infallible?\*

\* Col. W. R. J. told the writer that he had no doubt that Boston could have beat either Eclipse or Henry “mighty handily” in four mile heats.

Omega's, the *best* time at Washington, 7:40; Decatur's time at Washington, 7:45. (Except these two races, *none* there had been under 7:50). Balie Peyton and Duane's four mile heat on the Central, the *best* time there, 7:42; Andrewetta's heat, 7:50, the *best* time there by two seconds. Reliance's four heats of two miles, at the Kendall Course, have never been equalled. His heat of three miles at Fredericksburg has only been surpassed twice, and by one second each time. This is mere repetition, with a view to be more plainly understood. Besides beating *such* competitors, *Boston had several times won with ease in "the forties."*

Having disposed of these subjects, from "Alpha" to "Omega," I have done.

That my motives may not be misinterpreted, it may as well be added that I hold no connexion with the Turf, and am in no way personally interested in any stallion; but, like Alpha, I am only an amateur,

A MERE "LOOKER ON IN VIENNA."

P.S. It occurred to me, after writing the above, that both Vashti and Bandit, at different times beat by Boston, had, on different occasions, run four miles at Baltimore, second heats, too, in 7:46—the *best* time at Kendall's.

---

## THE HORSES OF EGYPT, SYRIA, AND ARABIA, IN THE PRESENT DAY.

---

BY COLONEL HOWARD VYSE.

---

[Concluded from our last Number, page 157.]

---

THE stud of Ibrahim Pacha was in a much worse condition than that already described; but several of the mares (of which there were two or three hundred) appeared to be superior to any belonging to Mehemet Ali. They shewed a great deal of blood, and although rather slight, had fine racing shape. They were tied by heel-ropes in large stables. Some of the foals and yearlings were handsome and high-bred, but were starved and weak; for they were principally fed upon chopped straw and had no exercise. The stallions were also confined by heel-ropes. Most of them were bad, particularly a coarse German horse; but there were some good Turkish stallions, a fine white horse from Shoubrah, and a good shaped ambler, a pace which is much esteemed by the Turks. Ibrahim Pacha generally rode mules; and he had some very good ones, and in tolerable order. There were also several remarkably fine stallion asses from Syria and from Arabia, by which mules were bred from Arab mares. The horses taken at Acre had three round spots burnt in their hind-quarters (which was

not an unusual mark), although it did not appear to denote any particular breed.

I had requested permission to examine the horses belonging to the Shereef of Mecca, as I concluded that he possessed the purest breed; and as I had observed, during the time he was encamped at Gizeh, several which appeared handsome, when his attendants practised with the jereed in the sandy plains below the Pyramids. Amongst those which were shewn to me at Cairo, I did not, however, recognise any that I had seen before. They must, therefore, have belonged to some of the other chieftains from Mecca, or to the stables at Shoubrah. The Shereef's stud did not appear to be numerous. The stables were, as is often the case, under ground; and upon entering them, my attention was particularly directed to a grey mare in foal by a white horse, then in the possession of Abbas Pacha; both the mare and the horse were said to be of the purest breed, from Mecca, and of great value, and the best that the Shereef possessed. The mare shewed much blood, had a very handsome head, and good length, but was slight. The horse, which I afterwards saw at the stables of Abbas Pacha, was about fourteen hands three inches high, had good substance and shape, but not that of a race-horse; I could not judge of his action, as he was brought out in heel-ropes, and with a heavy bit fastened into his mouth with a cord. There was also in the Shereef's stable a bay yearling, got by the white horse out of the grey mare, which I subsequently brought to England on account of his blood. I procured this colt with great difficulty, most probably because the Shereef perceived that I particularly wished to have him; he said that he belonged to his son, and offered me any of his other horses; but I was determined to have the colt, because I had previously heard that his sire was the highest bred horse in the stud, and because his dam had the appearance, and was said to be, of the parent breed, and the colt was also more easily conveyed by water than a larger horse. I employed, on the occasion, a Frenchman, called M. Riga; and I was so fortunate as to obtain the assistance of Mr. Bretell, who was an English engineer in the Pacha's service, and had the superintendence of the mines in Mount Lebanon. As the horse is stated, in the pedigree, to have been given to me, I subjoin the following extracts, to shew that it was expressly stipulated by the Shereef, that I was to send to him a watch, and an English carriage, with harness for four horses. The letters I received at Alexandria, Malta, and on my return to England, and the watch and carriage were sent out immediately afterwards. The letters will also give a curious example of the manner of transacting business in the East. Extract from Mr. Bretell, dated "Cairo, August 9th, 1837.—It affords me much pleasure to be able to announce to you, that the Shereef of Mecca has this morning presented for your acceptance the horse which you admired. He requests you will send him, as an acknowledgment, a small watch; also, an English carriage, a description of which he has not, however, given. Mr. Hill has sent thirty dollars as presents to the various servants of the Shereef; he has also sent to Mr. Walne for a teskere, to for-

ward the horse to Alexandria without delay," &c. &c. Extract from M. Riga, dated "Cairo, August 13, 1837.—You will see, from the enclosed document,\* that the Shereef's views in giving you the colt are not quite disinterested, or rather his son's, who has been the chief party in the business. This document stipulates for a carriage, with harness for four horses, and a small gold watch. I was required to get the Consul's guarantee that these would be sent; but without orders that gentleman would not do it; however, you told me to make them any offer I thought proper, and to carry my point at all hazards, I took it upon myself to guarantee that you would do what they required, and I hope you will approve of it."

The previous stipulations with Mr. Bretell and with M. Riga, and the formal demand of a carriage and a watch, form a curious contrast with the tenor of the following account of a communication from the Shereef. Extract from Mr. Bretell, dated "Cairo, August 17th, 1837.—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated 12th instant. On the following morning I waited on the Shereef of Mecca, and stated to him the contents of it. He appeared, and expressed himself to be, much pleased when I told him that you felt highly gratified by his present. He then said, that as his son was anxious to have a small gold watch, he would accept it as a present, and in remembrance of you; but the carriage he positively declined receiving. In order to have a specific answer I wrote to him, translating that part of your letter relating to him, for which purpose he gave me in writing his address ('The most noble Mohammed Ebn Aioon, the exalted Prince of Mecca'). I enclose his reply, addressed to me, and sealed with his seal, Mohammed Ebn Aioon. After the usual compliments and recapitulations of my letter, he says,—'The name of the horse is Abeiaan; that of his mother, El Baeah, of the Arab Nedgid breed; and the name of his father is Hadbaan, our horse, from him which is called Gerboa. You tell us that the English Bey requests us to receive a gold watch, which he will send from England for our son for his acceptance, and a carriage: we told you that he must not send anything for having received the horse; but, because he has prayed that our son will receive from him this present, it imports not: let him then send the carriage,—one for four horses, and let the color be green; when we shall have received the carriage we will give him another horse of our Arab horses; and we pray that he will accept of it from us. We now beg of you to write to him our regards. Giumad el Ewael 15,

\* The official translation of the document into Italian is as follows (a literal English version can scarcely be given; but it evidently contains a formal demand through the Consul for a watch and a carriage):—

"Non è nascosto del nostro amore che voi seriverete una lettera dalla parte del console alla signoria del nostro signore nobile Abdallah, in questa guisa, e di dirlo per sigillarla col suo sigillo, quasto vi avvisiamo.

"(La forma della lettera.) Discendenza dei Re Nobili. Nostro Signore Nobile Abdallah, iddio allunghi la sua vita.

"Non è nascosto da voi che Mohamed Effendi Bekkati Capo del Divano del consiglio aveva avvisato che voi dimandate dalla Signoria del Bey una carrozza, ed un piccolo orologio, con ajuto di dio altissimo avviseremo quello alla sua Eccellenza del Bey, e le riceverate, e vi ringraziamo molto, ed iddio vi doni la saluta.

(Signed)

"MOHAMED EFFENDI BEKKATI ZAADA,

"Scrivano del consiglio nobili di Mecca "

1253.' The above date is equal of our era to August 16, 1837. I have sent you, as nearly as possible, a literal translation of a part of his letter, as you may, in fact, perceive by the singular style in which it is written," &c.

In another letter, dated November 21, 1837, I received from Mr. Bretell the pedigree, and the translation here given; and Mr. Bretell adds,—“When a Nedgid horse is very celebrated, his descendants take his name as a peculiar breed. Hadbaan was a celebrated Nedgid horse; and Gerboa, the father of the colt, being of his blood, is called a Hadbaan. Whilst the Shereef was explaining this to me, a person of some consequence, from Mecca, who was present, asked, ‘Was the colt a Hadbaan?’ ‘E wullah,’ answered the Shereeff. The stranger appeared to be rather surprised that the Shereef should have parted with a Hadbaan colt, so also with the other terms, the Hendees and the Nezhi.” The pedigree was as follows:—

{ SEAL } “All which is attributed herein is correct; the Shereef Mohammed Ben Aioon, Shereef of Mecca, the honoured, has written it. The pardon of God be for him.

“This history is the truth of the bay colt, which we presented to his Excellency the Colonel Howard Vyse, the English Bey at Cairo, the protected. His name is Abeiān; his breed is pure Nedgdi; he was born an Cairo, in our habitation, on the 21st of Giumad el aker, 1252;\* and his father and his mother are of the best Arab horses. His mother’s name is El Abeiah, daughter of El Abeiah; her color is white, and the color of her mother was bay; and her father’s name was Abeiān the Hendees; his color was white, and he pure Nedgdi. The father of the before-mentioned colt is a Hadbaan, by name Gerboa; his color is white, and his mother is Hadba, the Nedgdi; her color is white, and her father’s name is Gelwan, the son of Hadba, and the color of his mother is white. The whole are from the Nedgdi horses, celebrated among the Arabs.

{ SEAL } “THE SHEREEF ABDALLAH,  
Son of the Shereef Mohammed Ben Aioon.

“*Shaaban 6t. 1253.*”†

As far as breed, and soundness of constitution, and of limbs, may be desirable, a cross of Arab blood might be of service; but, with some few exceptions, such as those mentioned in the Pacha’s stud at Shoubrah, Arabs have not in general the form, or length necessary for race-horses; in fact, the use to which they are applied does not require them, nor are they bred with a view only to swiftness. The colt in question is very low, barely fourteen hands, and has small bone, but is muscular, and so much furnished that his age has been doubted, till repeated examinations of his mouth proved that his pedigree was correct. He shews blood, has fine action, is re-

\* October 1, 1835.

† November 5, 1837.

markably healthy, and of great courage, as he lately proved by leaping out of his paddock over a gate three feet nine inches high, and a boarded door, seven feet from the gate, and five feet six inches in height, which he cleared with his forehand and body, and broke through with his hinder legs, without any other injury than a scratch below his stifle; the whole leap was about eighteen feet in breadth. The gate and door are yet to be seen at Stoke Place. He has also good length for his size, but he has not the shape of a race-horse; what his progeny might eventually turn out is another question; he has been advertised in the "Racing Calendar" to cover next season at Hampton Court.

Several of the other horses shewed blood, and were of good substance and height. The Shereef himself, when at the Pyramids, rode a five-year-old bay horse, which had the appearance and action of an English hunter; and one of his attendants was mounted on an animal of unrivalled beauty and animation. He was the strongest and most magnificent war-horse I ever saw; but he was old, and had been in the stud at Shoubrah. There were also in the Shereef's stables a fine five-year-old grey mare, and a bay belonging to his sons, and one or two other clever horses. I could have obtained any of them at less expense, and with much less trouble than the yearling. They were in better condition than those belonging to the Pacha, but could not compare with one or two of his stud, which I have already described to have been brought from Mecca; indeed, some of them came from the Shereef's own stables.

It is to be observed, that most of the best and highest bred horses from Mecca and the Hedjas had great bone, and were of good size (like the grey, and the chesnut Wellesley Arabians), with the finest muscular shape, and indication of high blood; but with a few exceptions, generally amongst the mares, they had not the length and character esteemed in England.

The horses in the mountainous parts of Syria are of a different breed and form from the Arab, with which, however, they are often crossed, and are taller and larger, but not so muscular.\* The Druses of Mount Lebanon, although, from the extreme difficulty of the roads, mules might have been supposed preferable to horses, were finely mounted, chiefly on mares, and had a highly picturesque costume, adorned with shawls of rich and various colors. I tried a great many horses at Beyrout, and bought two grey mares that answered for the journey, but neither of them were of any real value. The Emir Bechir was remarkable for his stud, and I expected to have met with some mares at Ebtedin that, after having carried me through the country, might have been worth sending to England. The best was a large white mare, about fifteen hands two inches, which shewed much blood, and had the most perfect shape, excepting that, from the height of her forehand, and the fineness of her loins and quarters, she appeared rather low in her saddle-place. Her tail was died red with henna; and I under-

\* It is probable that the mountain Arabs, mentioned in old stud books, were of this race.

stood that Ibrahim Pacha always rode her when at that place. Her price was £200, which, as she was eleven or twelve years old, and barren, was more than her value. She was also too tall for the mountain roads. I offered £100 for her, which was as much as she was worth. This mare came from Akkar, between Homs and Tripoli, where a number of very fine horses are bred. They are not, however, of so high a caste as the Nedgid, but more like the Turcoman, Circassian, and Persian horses.\* I could have purchased at Ebtedin for about £80, two fine Arab mares of the Kohlani breed, but they were heavy in foal; they were a grey and a bay, very handsome and high bred. Many inferior horses belonging to other persons were to be sold at this place; and a gentleman, who travelled with me, bought for £17, a very active mare, said to be Annecy, but she was coarse, and evidently not thorough-bred. And it should be remembered that, although the climate has great influence, there are nearly as many low-bred horses in the East as in Europe.

In my way to Sidon I saw the Emir's stud at Djoun. There were two stallions, a grey of good size and substance, but heavy and calf-kneed, said to be Seglowee; and a chesnut with white legs, of much power, but apparently ill-bred; both these horses appeared much neglected; they had swelled legs, and were rough for want of exercise. There were four mares, with foals (two Annecy, two Seglowee), picketted in clover; they were in very bad order, and their foals were weak and sickly. The mares themselves shewed much blood, but were completely ill from neglect and want of care. There were likewise seven barren mares, five of them white. One was a fine specimen of the mountain breed, and another from Akkar was remarkably large and handsome; she was marked across her arms and thighs with a firing-iron; the two others were a fine bay three-year-old filly, bought of the Annecy Arabs, and a starved yearling. Djoun is sheltered by the surrounding hills, and has abundance of water and tolerable pasture, the wretched state of these horses must be therefore owing to ignorance and neglect.

The foals, both in Egypt and in Syria, are frequently docked; and their ears, and those also of the young asses, are often sewed together at the points. Their manes and tails are shorn till they are four years old, when their tails are cut square with a lock left in the middle from the dock, after which they are allowed to grow down.

Seglowee, Kohlani, and Annecy, are much in esteem in Syria, particularly the former. The horses from Akkar are Annecy. There is also a breed called Abeian, which is the name of the Arab colt that I bought at Cairo. Good horses are chiefly to be found at Jaffa, Nablous, and Nazareth; but the Arabs were afraid

\* In the autumn of 1835 I saw at Kalisch, in Poland, a corps of cavalry from Karabagh (near Teflis); their horses were low but strong, and appeared to be well-bred. They were remarkably fresh after a long and difficult march from their own country. These men were the most picturesque people imaginable, but as soldiers of much less value than the Caucasus Cossacks, who from constant warfare as frontier troops, have succeeded to and eclipsed the famous Don Cossacks, although, in fact, the latter are much superior.

to show their horses for fear of their being taken away by the government, otherwise I have no doubt that Arab mares and horses might be always bought (although, perhaps, those of a particular breed, or excellence, would be dear), for an Arab would never refuse to sell anything in his possession, if money enough was offered. And with respect to the care which these people are supposed to take of their horses, I have to state that, although many of the horses belonging to the escort, which we obtained to go to Palmyra, were foundered and infirm, they were ridden about in the most violent manner; and also that one upon which a soldier, who attended me as a guide from Hebron, was mounted, was dreadfully lame, owing, it was said, to his having fallen into a well; his off thigh and hock were bruised and swollen, and cut through with a lacerated wound nearly two feet in length, yet the man galloped about without the least consideration. I may likewise add that, having lost my own mare, I rode that of an Arab sheik to Palmyra, and that during the journey I was obliged to keep watch, when she was feeding, to prevent the sheik taking away the corn from his own mare, which he frequently did, and finished by stealing the nose-bag; and also, that at Palmyra he took away the mare under pretence of taking care of her; and that when we arrived, on our return, at Kariathain, I found that he had cut out and stolen the pannel of my saddle; and that in consequence the mare's back was injured to such a degree that she could not continue her journey to Damascus. There are six or seven breeds of Nedgid horses. The best blood is supposed to exist between Bassora and Mecca. The horses sent to England many years since by Mr. Manesty, when he was consul at Bassora, were probably from that part of the country. I saw several well-bred mares belonging to the Arabs in the Haouran, and many fine horses among the irregular cavalry encamped in the forests near Djerash, but those of high caste were generally old and worn out. I tried a great many horses and mares at Damascus, and also at Jerusalem. Several of them belonged to the Hadji, and one was a small bay mare which had a long pedigree, and came from Bagdad; but none of them were particularly worthy of notice. I bought an exceedingly good bay horse (a Seglowee) from Abou-Gosh, an Arab Chief; he carried me remarkably well, and was afterwards sent to Malta.

The governor of Jerusalem had some tolerable horses; and Mr. Farren (the consul at Damascus) had a remarkably fine bay horse, apparently of the best blood; but he was old, and ill taken care of. That gentleman had also a bay filly, which had been purchased of the Arabs, and shewed much blood; but she was underlimbed and heavy. I saw at Damascus the horses belonging to the Persian princes, who had at that time gone to England, they were well cleaned, kept in warm clothing, and in good order, but were not high-bred.

I heard of a mare at Damascus, for which £500 had been refused, but I did not see her. There were also eight or ten horses, that had been bought for the Emperor of Austria: but, with the

exception of two bay stallions, they did not appear to be of great value.

London Sporting Review.

## PARTRIDGE AND QUAIL.

### PERDIX—COTURNIX—ORTYX.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR EDITOR: Having read with some interest a communication headed "*All in the wrong*," from your correspondent H., of Marietta, I presume,—such at least was the date of his article, published in your December number—but not perceiving that he has shewn that *I* am either *all*, or *at all*, in the wrong, I wish to have one last word in the question.

You will of course remember that this controversy arose from the fact of H. having put forth an article, entitled "*Corrigenda*," in your December number, containing strictures on a very beautifully written, sportive, and humorous paper in your number for October—"Some Observations Concerning Quail"—by J. Cypress, Jr. This paper was evidently written as a *jeu d'esprit*, laying no pretension to ornithological research, or superior wisdom—but was clearly the production of the leisure moments of a sportsman, scholar, and gentleman—wherein, *inter alia*, he laughed at ornithologists for calling "*beves of quail, flocks of partridge*."

On this paper—my object is briefly to place before your readers the *disjecta membra* of the whole discussion—on this paper H. discourses thus:—

"The writer proves himself entirely ignorant of ornithology, by his blunders in nomenclature. Thus he is writing about the *Perdix Virginiana* (Virginian Partridge), and not about the *Perdix Coturnix* (European quail). The first is a true partridge, belonging to the same genus with the European partridge, viz., *ortyx*; whilst the quail belongs to the subgenus *coturnix*. In Pennsylvania and Southward, and in English books, our bird is called (and *correctly*) partridge."

In reply to this, I—Frank Forester—observed in your January number, as follows, immediately after quoting the above extract:—

"Now the gist of all this amounts to a single assertion that the American bird belongs to a different genus from the English Quail, and is a *partridge*. Now this I am satisfied is an error."

I proceeded to state that "as I can testify from my own observation, the American bird is, in size, general appearance, character of plumage, and cry, much more nearly connected with the English quail than with any partridge existing."

Thirdly I said—"and I am satisfied that facts will bear out my opinion—that the *Perdix Virginiana* is *not a true partridge*—and is *not correctly* termed a partridge in Pennsylvania, any more than the

ruffed grouse (*Tetrao umbellus*) is correctly termed a *pheasant* in the same regions."

Lastly I said "that the term *ortyx* is an absurd term to use in opposition to *coturnix*, as *distinguishing partridge from quail*"—because *ortyx*—ὄρυξ—is the Greek, and *Coturnix* the Latin, name for the European quail."

Now though in his article in your February number H. says that *their* (i. e. mine and Cypress's) views do not appear to him correct, I wish to point out to you that so far from confuting one of my positions, he has confirmed them all; and entirely changed his own ground.

In his first December paper he asserts—"that the American bird, *Perdix virginiana*, is a *true partridge*, belonging to the same subgenus with the European partridge, viz, *ortyx*."

To this I responded *not* that the American bird is a quail—But "that it is not a *true partridge*—nor of the same subgenus with the European partridge—and farther that the word *ortyx* would be an absurd term as distinctive between partridge and quail."

Now hear H. in his present paper (February No., p. 111)—"Mr. Forester is right and I am wrong with regard to the subgenus of the European partridges, which belong to the subgenus *perdix*, or partridge proper!"

Again he says—"Linnaeus named the only North American bird of the family *Tetrao*; when the genus *perdix* was instituted it became *Perdix virginianus*!, and now that a more minute (or subgeneric) distinction is thought necessary, it becomes an *ortyx*!"

Ergo! by his own shewing the American bird is *not*, as he asserted, and I denied, of the same subgenus with the European partridge; nor a *perdix* (which he defines *Partridge proper*! and I defined *true partridge*!) at all.

So far, then, H. has left his position, and come over to mine!

In the next place I asserted that *ortyx*—ὄρυξ in Greek—was an absurd word to use as a distinctive term between the *quail* and *partridge*. H. having asserted that the European partridge and American quail (so called commonly) are *ortyges*; and the European quail a *coturnix*!

And the reason which I gave was, that the words ὄρυξ and *coturnix* are the same term, meaning the same thing, in two languages.

H. now admits that the new word *ortyx* is a term invented not to distinguish the quail from the partridge, but to distinguish the European Quail from a nameless American bird, which is *neither* quail *nor* partridge! In this sense Frank Forester never objected to the term; and every part of his first position is carried out—excepting the remark that the American bird is more nearly connected with the European quail than with any partridge existing; and on this point I will say a few words anon.

H., then, has come over to my statements. First—that the American bird is *not* of the same subgenus with the European partridge, *nor* is a *proper partridge* at all!

Secondly, that the European partridge is not an *ortyx*; and

Thirdly, that the term *ortyx* has *not* been applied as a distinction between quail and partridge; but between quail and a bird hitherto nameless, and indeed seemingly so still in the vernacular.

Hear what he says!—"Whence the partridge, quail, and American bird belong to *three*" (misprinted *those*) "distinct subgenera, our bird being as far removed as ever from any species of quail, of which there are several!"

Here, then, I might close my article; for I never asserted that the American bird *was* a quail—and all that I did assert (*viz.*, that he was *not* a partridge) is granted. Therefore, none of my views before stated were incorrect, nor was *I all* in the wrong, or wrong *at all*.

Now, however, we will go a little farther, and see what *ORTYX virginiana* is, and what we must call him—and whether he is more closely allied to Partridge or to Quail.

And first—Why did the Naturalists, who formed the subdivision of the genus, call him *ortyx*—ὄρυξ—the Greek for quail? If they had only wished to make a distinction shewing him equally far from quail and partridge, they would not have merely rested contented with calling him *quail*, in a varied language or dialect.

In my humble opinion the very choice of the name shews that the discriminating Naturalist—who discovered the small points of distinction "between the quail and thick strong-billed partridges of the new world," which he admits to be "so similar, that they are not to be distinguished without a knowledge of their habits and an examination of their forms"—considered the distinction between the American bird and the quail, *less* than the distinction between the same bird and the partridge.

It will of course be seen at once that the writer quoted above (Sir William Jardine) means that the quail and American bird are "so similar as not to be distinguished without a knowledge of their habits, and an examination of their forms"—and not the European quail and European partridge! For it is obvious that—the European Grey partridge being *thirteen inches long*, and the European Red-legged partridge *the same length*, but heavier and stronger, while the European quail does not exceed *seven inches and a half*—the similarity of which he speaks is not between these birds, which a blind man might distinguish by their weight and size!

Sir William Jardine shews what these slight distinctions are—"In the bill and legs"—he says—"there are slight modifications; but the form of the wing is quite different—the first three quills being longest (in the quail), while in the partridges the third is longest, and the third and fourth in the *ortyx*."

Well may he say the distinction is small!—a slight modification in the legs and bill, and the fact that the *three* first quills of the quail are longest, and the third and fourth in the American bird, or *ortyx*!"

The plumage of both species of European Partridge is utterly different either from that of the European Quail or the American bird. Each of the European partridges is nearly double the size of either of the others; while the Quail and American bird are

very nearly of a size—the American a little the larger!—and very similar in their general appearance and plumage.

In habits, particularly in their fierce pugnacity, the Quail and American bird resemble each other much. The European Quail certainly is—and many writers state on good authority (and I fully believe the fact) that the American bird is likewise—migratory!

The English quail does not perch, to the same extent with the American bird; (though he does take to bushy covert—which the Grey partridge never does—) but this one fact is not enough, surely, to make the difference *greater*, in spite of the distinctions of size, weight, and feather. The bird called in this country, *incorrectly*—for I am well aware there is a small distinction—the *English Snipe*, occasionally perches—I have seen it do so, on two occasions, at Pine Brook, in New Jersey—on rails, bushes, and even on tall willow trees; and I can prove the fact by the testimony of eye witnesses, if it be doubted!—yet no one would say *Ergo*, it is *not a snipe*!—at least I think not; though I am certain a man who should assert in Europe that he had seen snipe alight in trees would be laughed at and disbelieved, as the bird there never does so!

That the American bird is, ornithologically and strictly speaking, a quail, I never asserted.

I denied that it was a partridge, as H. did assert, and has now yielded.

I did assert, and still do so, that it is more closely connected with the English quail than with any partridge existing.

Its size—its weight—its plumage—its habits—and last, not least, its new ornithological name *ortyx*—Greek quail—prove that it is so—and that it is so in the opinion, and on the data of the very ornithologists, who have divided it from the subgenus *coturnix*, on account of distinctions which they admit to be so small as to be undistinguishable, except on minute examination.

I doubt not that the birds are well divided. It is very obvious that the European partridge—a bird twice as big as either quail or *ortyx*—is rightly separated from them!—and I doubt not that there are distinctions justifying the ornithologist in separating the European from the American Quail—although they are invisible to a common eye! But in the meantime what shall we call the bird? Not partridge, for it is *not* one, *clearly* and *confessedly*!—I think—best stick to QUAIL—as the Naturalists themselves *half* call him so still!—people would surely laugh at us if we called them *ortyges*, and I think very justly!

As to the Ruffed Grouse (*Tetrao Umbellus*) I never, either in conversation or in black and white, called it a partridge; unless to people who knew it *only* by that name—and I ever have esteemed it equally incorrect and unsportsmanlike to do so.

I have now made an end of my paper, and I think your correspondent H. will admit, after reading it, and after (if he will) comparing the three articles—that Frank Forester is not *all in the wrong*. If you care to show your correspondents in general how very like the plumage of the English Quail is to that of the American bird,

I send you a drawing, made by myself many years ago, from one I shot myself; my notes give, length  $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches—width from wing to wing,  $9\frac{1}{2}$ —weight 6 1-10 oz. If you choose, have it done on wood—but take care of it, and do not let it be besmirched, as I value it.

Believe me yours ever at command,

FRANK FORESTER.

P.S. A correspondent ("Alpha") in the February number "On the Get of Medoc," seems to think I spoke of *quail* as in flocks of three hundred. It was the British Red Grouse of which I spoke; which, by the way, I think a *greater* bird, both to shoot and eat, than the American *ortyx*. The English Quail, though it generally lays but six or seven eggs, is sometimes seen in bebies of fifteen. In France, the same bird precisely lays fifteen to twenty eggs.—*Bewick and Buffon*.

P.S. No. 2. At this late moment I seize the opportunity of correcting a misstatement—arising, as usual, from a want of care in reading what I wrote—by a correspondent (N.) of yours in last week's "Spirit." He charges me with error for saying the partridge never perches!—assuming that I mean either the *Tetrao Umbellus*, *Pseudo American* pheasant and partridge—or else the *Perdix virginiana*, or American Quail. I did not *mean*, or indeed *write*, either!—but the *European* Partridge; a bird utterly different from either. I see, however, that he also asserts on his own eye-witness, that the quail does migrate in flocks of five hundred to one thousand. This I never doubted—it, however, makes another point for my side!

March 23d, 1841.

*Note by the Editor.*—We were exceedingly anxious to give to our readers an Engraving from Forester's very beautiful Drawing, but were unable to obtain the services of the artist whom we especially desired to execute it. The drawing we have shewn to a great number of gentlemen, and there is no difference of opinion among artists and sportsmen as to its fidelity and exceeding beauty. It may yet be seen at the office of the Magazine.

## RIFLE SHOOTING.

*Friend P.*—Having witnessed what I considered a wonderful performance of the Rifle on the 4th inst. at Hoboken, N. J., I feel it a duty I owe to Rifle Shooters at a distance, to give it publicity (with your permission,) through the medium of your very valuable and interesting magazine. A number of the Rifle Shooters in New York repaired on the 4th inst. to Hoboken for the purpose of shooting at a small bear, weighing about fifty pounds; they chained him to a stake, and at the unheard of distance of 400 yards, measured with a line, commenced shooting at him; eleven fired and missed. No. 12 was then called, and Captain Lloyd answered; he preferred shooting off hand, he fired and struck the bear in the shoulder.

A number of gentlemen observed that it was entirely a chance shot; the writer of this is not prepared to say so, for it was only two days before I saw him strike a four feet square target, at the same distance, four times in succession: and what makes it still more remarkable is, that Captain Lloyd's Rifle weighs but 13 pounds, it carries a ball 43 to the pound, the length of the barrel is  $32\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

Respectfully yours,

A. L. S.

New York, March 9, 1841.

Of the Union Riflemen.

### "B." UPON THE GET OF MEDOC.

---

DEAR P.: The last mail brought me the "Register," and after perusing the whole number as an Alderman would devour a Corporation dinner, that is die or taste all the dishes, I found my digestion a little troubled by the speed and bottom of the Medocs, dressed up for the "Register" by that accomplished artist, *Alpha*.

Now although I am willing—most willing—to admit that Medoc was among the best stallions, perhaps the best, they have had in Kentucky, it is not made out to my satisfaction that the English stallions named by your correspondent would suffer by a comparison with him; and until he can shew us something like Eclipse, Shark, Highflyer, Rockingham, he must permit the old sort of racers to think that Marske, Herod, &c., could compare with him. Diomed, too, must strike his flag to Kentucky's favorite! Can he show three such horses as Florizel, Sir Archy, and Potomac? Could not one of them have beaten all the Medocs in a race of four mile heats?

All this I could have borne in silence, but he trod on my toes when he named my old favorite, Sir Archy. Permit me to state the circumstances under which Sir Archy was first announced as a stallion. It will be remembered that his career was a short one on the Turf, and although at its close he had beaten all his competitors, yet at that time Florizel and Potomac, of equal racing reputation, were standing near him, and their colts had been successful before those of Sir Archy came on; these horses were in the hands of gentlemen of long standing on the Turf, and remarkable for their tact and management. Sir Archy was the property of a young man, who stood him at his own stable, and relied upon the merits of Sir Archy; he made a fair season. Of his first colts, when three years old, seven only were *trained*; of these, Allen, Blucher, Director, Harwood, and Tecumseh, were winners; another ran second in his race, and Castel died that Fall without a race. This, remember, was five winning out of seven *only trained*: one losing and another dying.

I doubt much if the same can be said of any other horse—but this is not all; his colts not only went at once to the head of the Turf, but drove all competitors from the field.

Now let us examine the circumstances under which Medoc commenced standing. He was the property of a large company of the most influential gentlemen in the State; he had of course a choice selection of mares, and what was equally important, a large number of his colts won twice.

Now, Sir, we are not to be surprised if a fair horse, on the finest mares in the country, should turn out many winners. Medoc was a superior horse, and formed a distinct and happy cross for the mares in the West, and, in my opinion, was the most successful stallion ever in Kentucky; but his warmest admirers must admit that he has not a claim to the highest niche until some one of his

get shall force us to forget that his best have been beaten by Sarah Bladen and Billy Townes.

Of the horses that have had the best opportunity to distinguish themselves in the Stud, the only ones that at all compare with Medoc are Luzborough in his first two seasons, Priam, and perhaps Leviathan. I think Medoc was more successful than Luzborough, yet Picton and Portsmouth were perhaps better than any Medoc—they were at least equal. Leviathan has been eminently successful in the Stud; Priam's get come on this Spring, but from his high breeding, and his superior racing performances, with a number of the finest mares in the United States, he can scarcely fail.

When Sir Archy first stood for mares, he had the following to oppose him, viz.: Florizel, Potomac, Imp. Eagle, Imp. Boaster, Imp. Merryfield, Imp. Sir Harry, and Imp. Bluster. Of these Sir Harry and Eagle were horses of high character, and cost more money than any horses hitherto imported; yet Sir Archy drove them all into exile.

Medoc was truly a fine horse, and his death is a loss to his owners and the country; but he was not the best during all past and present time. Some of us will recollect that Marske was the sire of English Eclipse, and of Shark, scarcely less famous—that High-flyer got Rockingham, and that Diomed was the sire of Florizel and Sir Archy.

No one can admire more than I do that State pride which has induced your correspondent to laud the stock of Medoc, and if he had been content to do so without allusion to Sir Archy, you would have been spared the infliction of this letter, but I can permit no one to disturb the ashes of my old favorite. B.

*February 22, 1841.*

## CURE FOR CANKER IN DOGS' EARS AND HORSES' TAILS.

From the London New Sporting Magazine.

SIR: It affords me pleasure to communicate to the sporting world a cure for canker in dogs' ears, which I believe to be infallible.

This troublesome ulcer is invariably preceded by a thickened or schirrous state of the extremity of the ear, attended with considerable inflammation—presently a drop of blood oozes forth when the dog shakes his ears. If, at this period, or before the blood appears, a common Spanish-fly blister be applied to the diseased part, healthy action will immediately supervene. In three days the ear may be washed with soap and tepid water. It must then be nicely dried with a soft cloth, and the surface irritated by the blister must be dressed for two or three mornings with mercurial ointment, softened by heat if necessary.

During the whole process, the dog's ear must be so secured, as to prevent his shaking it. This may be accomplished by sewing a piece of cloth round the head, leaving the eyes unobstructed. The cloth should resemble the dog in color as much as possible, as the animal will become reconciled to a head-dress of his own hue, sooner than to one of an opposite description.

Particular care should be taken to prevent the blister from spreading over a greater portion of the ear than seems to require its application. Attention to this will save the dog much unnecessary pain.

In chronic cases there may be occasion to repeat the course above recommended two or three times.

Should any of your readers be induced to try my plan—now recommended I believe for the first time—I should be glad if they would enable you to state the result in some future number of your Magazine.

I also take this opportunity of suggesting, that by the application of a little blistering ointment to the tail of a horse, the most inveterate habit of rubbing that member may be cured.

Some years ago I had a particularly neat bay gelding called Jack. His health and condition were excellent; indeed, he was remarkable for the *kindliness* of his coat and skin. He had a well-placed tail; but, alas! he rubbed it until it resembled a worn-out bottle-brush. I tried fifty remedies, internal and external, but all in vain. At last, I rubbed about an ounce of blistering ointment on the stump—a moderate vesication followed. In two days I applied a little more ointment, almost in liquid state; the result was, that in about a month, Jack had the neatest tail in the stable, and, to my astonishment, he never rubbed it more. I have since repeatedly employed this cure, with uniform success.

It must, of course, be understood, that a permanent cure is not to be expected, so long as the general condition of the animal is bad. Here my topical application must be accompanied by the means usually employed for the purification of the system, and the promotion of health.

In fair cases my cure will not fail. Indeed, I would go a step farther, and would recommend a dressing of blistering ointment on every tail which bears a dry scrubby appearance, even although unattended by rubbing. The application is neither troublesome nor expensive, and the vesication produces no inconvenience worth notice, whilst its manifest effect is to stimulate and invigorate the circulation in the tail, and thus to produce a crop of that glossy hair, which is as ornamental to the animal as it is indicative of his good health.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

H. P. J.

Glasgow, Nov. 27, 1840.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1841.

COMPILED FOR THE "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE."

NAME.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Abdallah	b.	Mambrino	Amazonia	Near Union Course and at Flatbush	25		Hiram Woodruff.
Ainderby, <i>Imp</i>	h.	Velocipede	Kate, by Catton	Maury Co., Tenn.	75	100	Lucius J. Polk.
Andrew	h.	Sir Charles	By Herod	Near Augusta, Ga.	75	100	S. W. Shelton.
Andrew Jackson		Timoleon	By Imp. Whip	Near Knoxville, Tenn.	10	15	Ayres & England.
Autocrat, <i>Imp</i>	r.	Grand Duke	Olivetta, by Sir Oliver	Near Clarksville, Tenn.	60	70	Col. Lynes.
Bay Middleton		Andrew	Pocahontas, by Eclipse	Near Warrenton, Fauquier Co., Va.	30	50	Arthur M. Payne.
Balie Peyton		Imp. Fylde	By Potomac	Green Bottom, Shelby Co., Tenn.	40	50	A. Vincent.
Bill Austin	b.	Bertrand	By Timoleon	Newberry District, S.C.	30	50	James Henderson.
Birmingham	br.	Stockholder	Black Sophia by Topgallant	Near Lexington, Ky.	50		James L. Bradley.
Behemoth, Jr.	b.	Old Behemoth		Doneraile, Ky.	10		P. H. Thompson.
Belshazzar, <i>Imp</i>	ch.	Blacklock	Manuella, by Dick Andrews	Nashville, Tenn.	75	125	Thomas Alderson.
Black Arabian, <i>Imp</i>	bl.	Presented by the	Emperor of Morocco to the U.S.G.	Prince Edward Co., Va.	25	40	Flournoy & Tredaway.
Black Prince	bl.	Imp. Fylde	By Sir Archy	Decatur, Ga.			John W. Trotter.
Boston	ch.	Timoleon	Robin Brown's d. by Ball's Florizel	"Oakland," Chesterfield Co., Va.	100		Col. William R. Johnson.
Busiris	ch.	Eclipse	Grand Duchess, by Imp. Gracchus	Near Philadelphia, Pa.	20	40	W. Jackson.
Cadmus	ch.	Eclipse	Di Vernon, by Ball's Florizel	Near Bardstown, Ky.	30	50	F. G. Murphy.
Camden	b.	Imp. Sarpedon	By Old Cherokee	Flat Creek, near Owingsville, Ky.	10		Thomas J. Young.
Chanticleer	b.	Sir Archy	Black Ghost by Oscar	Leetown, Jefferson County, Va.	10		Thomas G. Baylor.
Charley Nailor	b.	Medoc	By Tiger	Shelby County, Ky.	25		B. C. Stephens.
Chevalier				Near Memphis, Tenn.	30		Joseph Cotton.
Chesterfield	b.	Pacific	By Wilke's Madison	Near Franklin, Tenn.	30		A. T. Nolan.
Chesterfield, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Priam	Worthless, by Walton	Near Louisville, Ky.	75	100	M. M. Rawlings.
Chisney	ch.	Sir Charles	By Sir Archy	Near Petersburg, Va.	25		Thomas P. Hare.
Cippus	bl.	Industry	By Randolph's Mark Anthony	Near Ellicott's Mills, A.A. Co., Md.	25		Dr. G. R. Stockett.
Civil John	gt.	Tariff	By Packenham	Rubicon, near Dayton, Ohio	10		Jefferson Patterson.
Clifford	ch.	Sir Charles	By Thunderclap	Midway, Woodford Co., Ky.			G. W. Gillespie.
Corsair		Arab	By Ball's Florizel	Brownsville and Denmark, Tenn.	20	40	John W. Alcocke.

Count Badger.....	ch.	Eclipse.....	By Badger's Hickory.....	Limestone Co., Ala.....	15	Allen J. Birney.....
Cusseta Chief.....	ch.	Andrew.....	Virago, by Wildair.....	Cusseta, Old Town, Ala.....	30	Col. John Woolfolk.....
Daniel O'Connell.....	gr.	Sir Henry Tonson.....	By Imp. Sir Harry.....	Rutherford Co., Tenn.....	20	Joseph Morton.....
Davy Crockett.....	gr.	Constitution.....	By Sutton's Whip.....	Porosi, Mo.....	15	J. C. Brickley.....
Decatur.....	ch.	Henry.....	Ostrich by Eclipse.....	Tree Hill, Va.....	50	William Buford, sen.....
Drone.....	ch.	Mons. Tonson.....	Isabella, by Sir Archy.....	Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md.....	30	James B. Kendall.....
Duane.....	br.	Imp. Hedgford.....	Goodloe Washington.....	Washington Race Course, D.C.....	50	William Holmead.....
Eclipse.....	ch.	Duroc.....	Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger.....	Oaks, Limestone Co., Ala.....	100	A. Whitlock.....
Emancipation, Imp.....	b.	Eclipse.....	Lady Nimble, by Sir William.....	Roanoke Bridge, Charlotte Co., Va.....	25	Thomas Flourney.....
Enterprise.....	br.	Whisker.....	By Ardrossan.....	Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky.....	100	B. P. Gray.....
Felt, Imp.....	ch.	John Richards.....	By Don Quixotte.....	Belville, St. Clair Co., Ill.....	15	John Flanagan.....
Flatterer, Imp.....	b.	Langar.....	Steam, by Waxy Pope.....	Near Warrenton, Mecklenburg, Va.....	50	James Barney.....
Fop, Imp.....	br.	Muley.....	Clare, by Marmion.....	Fayetteville, N. C.....	50	John Black.....
Gano.....	gr.	Stumps.....	By Fitz James.....	Maury Co., Tenn.....	30	Lucius J. Polk.....
General Mabry.....	gr.	Eclipse.....	Betsey Richards, by Sir Archy.....	La Fayette Course, Augusta, Ga.....	75	Walton & Lampkin.....
Gerow.....	b.	Imp. Leviathan.....	Galen, by Pacific.....	Knoxville, Tenn.....	20	James Clark.....
Giles Scroggins.....	ch.	Henry.....	Vixen, by Eclipse.....	Augusta, Ga.....	35	M. L. Hammond.....
Glencoe, Imp.....	ch.	Sir Archy.....	Lady Bedford, by Imp. Bedford.....	Near Shelbyville, Ky.....	30	Jilson Yates and Co.....
Gov. Hamilton.....	gr.	Sultan.....	Trampoline, by Tramp.....	Florence, Ala.....	100	Thomas Kirkman.....
Grey Eagle.....	gr.	Sir Andrew.....	By Bonaparte.....	Noxubee Co., Miss.....	35	John Moore.....
Grouse.....	gr.	Woodpecker.....	Ophelia, by Wild Medley.....	Near Frankfort, Ky.....	100	Sidney Burbridge.....
Hamiltonian.....	br.	Eclipse.....	Erie by Sir Solomon.....	Fox Chase, Westchester Road, Pa.....	15	G. L. & C. W. Nuckles.....
Haywood.....	gr.	Va. Hamiltonian.....	Greyhound by Imp. Spread Eagle.....	Near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky.....	15	Scruggs & Smith.....
Hercules.....	gr.	Imp. Leviathan.....	Black Sophia by Topgallant.....	Near Newport, Tenn.....	25	30 M. M. Rawlings.....
Hibiscus, Imp.....	b.	A draft horse.....	Imported.....	Near Louisville, Ky.....	20	75 G. D. Hunt.....
Highland Henry.....	ch.	Sultan.....	Duchess of York, by Waxy.....	Near Lexington, Ky.....	50	R. E. Sutton.....
Hugh Lupus, Imp.....	ch.	Henry.....	Highland Mary, by Eclipse.....	Charleston, S.C.....	30	J. M. Rouzan.....
Isaac Shelby.....	ch.	Priam.....	Her Highness, by Moses.....	Carrollton, La.....	50	Samuel Bunch.....
Jack Pendleton.....	ch.	Imp. Leviathan.....	Maria Shelby by Stockholder.....	Near Rutledge, Tenn.....	25	W. L. White.....
John Bascombe.....	ch.	Goliath.....	By Trafalgar.....	Green Co., Va.....	20	Col. John Crowell.....
John Bull, Imp.....	br.	Bertrand.....	Grey Goose, by Pacolet.....	Fort Mitchell, Ala.....	75	Fielding Suit.....
John Dawson.....	b.	Chateau Margaux.....	By Woful.....	Upper Marlboro', Prince George co., Md.....	40	
		Pacific.....	By Grey Archy.....	Nashville, Tenn.....	50	

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1841—CONTINUED.

NAME.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
John Randolph	ch.	Randolph's Janus.	By Saltram	Near Amherst C. H., Va.	10	15	Henry W. Quarles.
John Richards	b.	Sir Archy	By Rattler.	Glasgow, Ky.	50	75	James Murrell.
Jordan, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Langar	Matilda, by Comus.	Fayette, Howard Co., Mo.	50	75	L. Sherley & Co.
Langford, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Starch	Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules	Near Princeton, N.J.	10	20	Captain R. F. Stockton.
Leviathan, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Muley	By Windle	Gallatin, Tenn.	150		Col. George Elliott.
Leviathan, Jr.	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	By Young Diomed.	Newmarket, Jefferson Co., Va.			Z. Lyle.
Lumber John	ch.	Kosciusko	By Moses	Fulton, Calloway Co., Mo.			St. George Tucker.
Lurcher, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Grey Leg	Harpalyce, by Gohanna.	Russellville, Ky.	50		Z. M. Beall.
Lynedoch	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	Rosetta, by Wilkes' Wonder	Maury Co., Tenn.	20		R. K. Polk.
Margrave, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Muley	By Election	Charlotte C. H., Va.	50		Wyatt Cardwell.
Marion	b.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Citizen	Near Tusculumbia, Ala.	40		F. O. A. Sherrod.
Marshal Ney	b.	Pacolet	By Imp. Citizen	Gallatin, Tenn.	20		T. Barry.
Maximus	b.	Bertrand	Miss Dance, by Imp. Eagle	York, Ill.	20	30	J. B. Richardson.
Mediator	ch.	Sir Charles	By Napoleon	Near Lexington, Ky.	35	50	H. K. Berry.
Melzare	br.	Bertrand	By Sir Richard	Near Raleigh, N.C.	20	30	D. Stephenson.
Merman, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Whalebone	By Orville	Near Nashville, Tenn.	75		L. P. Cheatham.
Monarch, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Priam	Delphine, by Whisker	Mansfield, near Lexington, Ky.	100		Josiah Downing.
Monmouth	b.	John Richards	By Duroc	Glasgow, Ky.	25	35	James Murrell.
Monmouth Eclipse	ch.	Eclipse	Honesty, by Imp. Expedition	Near Frankfort, Ky.	100		W. W. Bacon and Co.
Moscow	ch.	Oscar		Danville, Va.	10	15	Hiram Hutchinson.
O'Kelly	ch.	O'Kelly	By Oscar.	Near Franklin, Tenn.	20	40	Andrew Rodgers.
Onus, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Camel	Etching, by Rubens	Trenton, Ill.	50	75	Charles Oakley.
Orlando	b.	Bell's Industry	Queen by Whip	Near Charlestown, Va.			The Owner.
Othello	br.	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Shelbyville, Tenn.	30	40	Samuel Ragland.
Pacific	b.	Sir Archy	Eliza, by Imp. Bedford	Spring Grove, Tenn.	75	100	Duke W. Sumner.
Pactolus	ch.	Pacific	Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet	Walnut Grove, Marengo Co., Ala.	20	40	Henry A. Tayloe.
Paul Clifford	b.	Eclipse	Betsey Richards, by John Richards	Leesburg, Va.			W. S. McPherson.
Pete Whetstone	b.	Imp. Leviathan	By Stockholder	Ashtand Co., near Murfreesboro, Tenn.	50	75	William Pillow.
Picton	br.	Imp. Luzborough	sabella, by Sir Archy	La Grange, Tenn.	60		H. Robertson.

Poney (The).....	ch	Imp. Leviathan.....	By Stockholder.....	Near Lexington, Ky.....	40	James G. Boswell.
Postmouth.....	br.	Imp. Luzborough.....	Polly Peachem, by John Richards.....	Jackson, N.C.....	25	John White.
Post Boy.....	ch.	Henry.....	Garland, by Duroc.....	Near Marfreesborough, Tenn.....	50	James Holmes.
Priam, Imp.....	ch.	Emilius.....	Cressida, by Whisker.....	Hicks' Ford, Va.....	100	A. T. B. Merritt.
Priam, Jr.....	ch.	Leviathan.....	By Sir Archy.....	Desoto Co., Miss.....	25	William McMahon.
Puzzle, Imp.....	ch.	Reveller.....	By Juniper.....	Elizabethton, Tenn.....	25	J. P. Tipton.
Ralph.....	ch.	Woodpecker.....	Brown Mary by Sumpter.....	Mercer County, Ky.....	30	Robert Moseby.
Red Bill.....	b.	Medoc.....	Brown Mary, by Sumpter.....	Franklin Co., Ky.....	75	George E. Blackburn.
Red Buck.....	b.	Imp. Leviathan.....	Sally Bell, by Contention.....	Near Knoxville, Tenn.....	25	John Blevins.
Reindeer.....	ch.	Henry.....	Sportsmistress, by Hickory.....	Hillsboro', Ga.....	25	John Wynens.
Richard Singleton.....	b.	Bertrand.....	Black-Eyed Susan, by Tiger.....	Elizabethtown, Ky.....	25	T. C. Brown.
Riddlesworth, Imp.....	ch.	Emilius.....	Fillagee, by Soothsayer.....	Mount Meigs, Montgomery Co., Ala.....	100	Alexander Carter.
Robin Brown.....	ch.	Mons. Tonson.....	Boston's dam by Florizel.....	Round Bottom, Limestone Co., Ala.....	30	Hickman Lewis.
Rodolph.....	b.	Archy of Transport.....	By Haxall's Moses.....	Bardstown, Ky.....	35	W. Bowman.
Sam Jones.....	br.	Gohanna.....	By Sir Hal.....	New Store, Charlotte Co., Va.....	60	Mosely and Wooldridge.
Sandusky.....	br.	Eclipse.....	Icaria, by The Flyer.....	Livingston, Nelson Co., Va.....	100	Edmund Townes.
Sarpedon, Imp.....	br.	Emilius.....	Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles.....	Granville Co., N.C.....	30	Capt. Nicholas Davis.
Scipio.....	b.	Imp. Leviathan.....	By Blacklock.....	Limestone Co., Ala.....	30	Col. S. Fair.
Scout, Imp.....	br.	St. Nicholas.....	Sally Slouch, by Virginian.....	Newberry C. H., S.C.....	15	William Gibbons.
Shadow.....	bl.	Eclipse Lightfoot.....	Delight, by Reveller.....	Morristown, N.J.....	60	E. H. Boardman.
Shamrock, Imp.....	ch.	St. Patrick.....	Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy.....	The Mills, Huntsville, Ala.....	75	William S. Ware & Co.
Shark.....	bl.	Eclipse.....	Princess, by Defiance.....	Independence, Williamson Co., Tenn.....	25	John Flanagan.
Sidi Hamet.....	b.	Eclipse.....	Virginia, by Thornton's Rattler.....	Near Lexington, Ky.....	25	John Veal & Co.
Sidney.....	b.	Sir Charles.....	By Imp. Bluster.....	Edwardsville, Ill.....	15	Edward A. Blanton.
Simon Pure.....	b.	Waxy.....	By Cultivator.....	Washington, Ind.....	12	Josiah M. Rice.
Sir Charles.....	ch.	Saladin.....	By Sir Charles.....	Prince Edward Co., Va.....	12	Samuel J. Ragland.
Sir Medley.....	ch.	Medley.....	Sally Maclin, by Sir Archy.....	Tuscumbia, Ala.....	25	Hiram Woodruff.
Sir Joseph.....	br.	Imp. Luzborough.....	Fidalmu, by Waxy Pope.....	Union Course, L.I.....	15	George B. Robertson.
Sir Robert, Imp.....	br.	Bobadil.....	Skylark by Musician.....	Central Course, Macon, Ga.....	50	J. C. O'Hanlon.
Skylark, Imp.....	br.	Waxy Pope.....	Fleur-de-lis, by Bourbon.....	Columbia Race Course, S.C.....	60	John Wimbish.
Sovereign, Imp.....	o.	Emilius.....	By Constitution.....	Halifax C. H., Va.....	50	A. B. Newsom.
Steel.....	o.	Imp. Fylde.....	By Imp. Citizen.....	Near Gallatin, Tenn.....	100	
Stockholder.....	b.	Sir Archy.....				

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1841—CONTINUED.

NAME.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA. INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
St. Leger.....	gr.	Eclipse.....	Ariel's dam, by Financier.....	Spring Grove, Hanover Co., Va.....	20	Col. John L. White.
Swiss, <i>Imp</i> .....	b.	Whisker.....	By Shuttle.....	Livingston Co., Ky.....	50	John W. Wallace.
Target.....	ch.	Imp. Luzborough.....	Becky, by Marquis.....	Race Course, near Savannah, Ga.....	25	M. L. Hammond.
Tartton.....	b.	Woodpecker.....	By Robin Grey.....	Near Newtown, Scott Co., Ky.....	20	John Parks.
Tarquin.....	br.	Henry.....	Ostrich, by Eclipse.....	Race Course, Charleston, S.C.....	30	John Storms.
Tobaccoist.....	b.	Gohanna.....	Yarkee Maid, by Ball's Florizel.....	Salt Sulphur Springs, Va.....	25	Alexander Erskine.
Tom Jefferson.....	ch.	Sir Charles.....	Pocahontas, by Virginian.....	Murfreesborough, Tenn.....	25	E. and R. Loftin.
Tom Moore.....	.....	Contention.....	Highland Mary, by Pacolet.....	Franklin Course, near Tuscumbia, Ala.....	25	W. A. Thweatt.
Tom Tunstall.....	.....	Pacific.....	Polly Hopkins, by Virginian.....	Mill Haven, Scriven Co., Ga.....	30	W. H. Holmes.
Tornado.....	ch.	Eclipse.....	By Orville.....	Union Course, L.I.....	20	John R. Snedeker.
Tranby, <i>Imp</i> .....	b.	Blacklock.....	Emma, by Whisker.....	Near Boonville, Cooper County, Mo.....	60	Charles McCormick.
Trustee, <i>Imp</i> .....	ch.	Catton.....	.....	Broad Rock, Chesterfield Co., Va.....	50	Isham Puckett.
Union Eclipse.....	.....	Eclipse.....	.....	Orange Co., N. C.....	100	Walker and Crawford.
Valparaiso, <i>Imp</i> .....	ch.	Velocipede.....	Julianna, by Gohanna.....	Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky.....	75	L. Sherley and Co.
Viceroy.....	ch.	Eclipse.....	Saluda, by Timoleon.....	Madison Co., Ga.....	20	Angustus Crawford.
Volney, <i>Imp</i> .....	b.	Velocipede.....	Voltaire's dam by Phantom.....	Somerville, Tenn.....	75	William H. Edwards.
Volney.....	b.	Mons. Tonson.....	By Archy.....	Bertrand Course, Montgomery, Ala.....	30	William Gay.
Wacousta.....	ch.	Imp. Leviathan.....	Lady Lightfoot, by Oscar.....	Centreville, Hickman Co., Tenn.....	25	J. R. Cunningham.
Wagner.....	ch.	Sir Charles.....	Maria West, by Marion.....	Frankfort, Ky.....	40	George E. Blackburn.
Whale, <i>Imp</i> .....	b.	Whalebone.....	Rectory.....	Near Berryville, Clark Co., Va.....	75	Josiah William Ware.
Willis.....	ch.	Sir Charles.....	By Imp. Merryfield.....	Newmarket, Va.....	50	O. P. Hare.
Wm. H. Harrison.....	gr.	Trumpetor.....	Papillon by Doublehead.....	Fulton, Calloway County, Mo.....	100	St. George Tucker.
Woodpecker.....	b.	Bertrand.....	By Imp. Buzzard.....	Bourbon Co., Ky.....	10	J. J. and A. Cunningham.
Young Donald Adair.....	.....	Barefoot.....	Sabella, by Comus.....	Nelson C. H., Va.....	15	George W. A. Raine.
Young Tramp.....	.....	Tramp.....	Folly, by Young Drone.....	Jessamine, Ky.....	20	John Housewright.
Zingancee, <i>Imp</i> .....	b.	.....	.....	.....	50	Capt. P. E. Todhunter.

## Races Omitted

IN THE CALENDAR FOR 1840.

### NEW FRANKLIN AND BOONVILLE (Mo.) RACES.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Robt. Bronaugh's b. h. <i>Glaucus</i> , by Abdalrahman, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs .....	1	1
T. W. Patton's ch. h. <i>Franklin</i> , by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, aged .....	2	2
T. Stevenson's ch. h. <i>Osceola</i> , by Collier, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs .....	*	

Time, 4:00—4:02. \* Ruled out for foul riding.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

T. Stevenson's (C. McCormick's) b. h. <i>Templar</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs .....	1	2	1
W. K. Winston's ch. c. <i>Othello</i> , by Waxy, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs .....	3	1	2
T. W. Lane's bl. m. <i>Ethiopia</i> , by Dashall, dam by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs .....	2	3	2

Time, 5:54—5:59—6:03.

SATURDAY, Sept. 26—Proprietor's Purse \$100, entrance money added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. Stevenson's (S. Bentley's) b. c. <i>Charley Nailor</i> , by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs .....	1	1	1
D. F. Cooper's b. c. <i>Roscoe</i> , by Pacific, dam by Grey Archy, 4 yrs .....	2	2	2
Jas. H. Haun's b. g. <i>Dread Hurricane</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Kosciusko .....	3	4	3
Robt. Bronaugh's b. h. <i>Greyfoot</i> , by Rattler, dam by Cannon's Whip, 6 yrs .....	4	3	dist.

Time, 1:53—1:58—1:57.

### NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

SATURDAY, Oct. 3, 1840—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$20 each, added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Boardman & McLaren's ch. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller, 4 yrs .....	3	1	1	1
Col. Guild's b. c. <i>Wesley Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs .....	2	3	2	2
Col. Davie's b. c. <i>John Pleasants</i> , by Rattler, 4 yrs .....	4	4	3	3
Capt. Clay's ch. f. <i>Beta</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Julia by Kosciusko, 3 yrs ..	1	2	4	dr

Time, 2:02—1:58—2:02—1:57.

### LA GRANGE (Tenn.) ASSOCIATION COURSE.

MONDAY, Oct. 12, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

H. Robertson's (B. L. Holcomb's) b. f. <i>Donna Viola</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Jack Downing's dam .....	1
G. L. Bumpass's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy .....	2
W. W. Gift's b. c. <i>Deception</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Leviathan .....	3

Time, 1:57. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Four subs. at \$50 each, h. ft., with \$25 added by the Club. One mile.

H. Robertson's (W. Farson's) gr. f. <i>Olivia Wakefield</i> , by Patrick Henry, d. unknown ..	1
L. Moore's gr. f. <i>Patsey Crowder</i> , by Patrick Henry, out of Hillon by Antelope .....	2
E. P. Dave's (Col. Govan's) b. f. by Melle-Melle, dam by Constitution .....	3

Time, 1:56.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft., with \$50 added by the Club. Mile heats.

E. P. Dave's (Col. Govan's) b. f. <i>Moselle</i> , by Telegraph, out of Imp. Jane Shore ..	1	1
T. J. Winston's b. f. <i>Fanny Marlow</i> , by Telegraph, own sis. to Medora Winston ..	2	dist.
W. W. Gift's br. c. <i>Pontotoc</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bagdad .....	pd.	ft.

Time, 1:50—1:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Sub. \$— each. One mile.

L. Moore's gr. f. <i>Patsey Crowder</i> , pedigree above .....	1
D. Jernegan's b. f. by Andrew, out of Jasper's dam .....	2
D. Morrison's b. c. by Young Pacific .....	3

Time, 2:01.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying catch weights—3, 56lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

D. Jernegan's (Col. Ketchum's) ch. c. <i>Clear the Track</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	1	1
E. P. Dave's (Col. Govan's) ch. h. <i>Peter Spykes</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs....	3	2
J. W. Poyner's br. c. <i>Scuppernong</i> , by Imp. Chat. Margaux—Puss by Timoleon, 4 yrs....	2	3
D. Morrison's gr. c. <i>Grey Nelson</i> , by Young Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:57—4:00.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15—Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

H. Robertson's (J. Lake's) ch. c. <i>Matchem</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Jackson by Blind Jackson, 4 yrs.....	1	1
H. W. Poyner's ch. h. <i>Emmet</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady La Grange by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 6:02—6:16.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$400, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

E. P. Dave's (Col. Govan's) b. h. <i>Hannibal</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Roxana by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	1	1
D. Jernegan's b. f. <i>Fanny Jones</i> , by Telegraph, dam by Topgallant, 4 yrs.....	3	2
H. Robertson's (L. P. Cheatham's) ch. c. <i>Old Dominion</i> , by Eclipse—Isabella, 4 yrs....	2	3

Time, 8:46—9:00.

SATURDAY, Oct. 17—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20 added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

R. H. Peyton's b. f. <i>Tennessee</i> , by Imp. Felt—Bernice by Archy Jr., 3 yrs.....	1	2	1	1
D. Jernegan's b. m. <i>Betsy Burnt-nose</i> , by Atlantic, dam by Florizel, 5 yrs.....	2	3	2	dr
H. Robertson's (W. Farson's) gr. f. <i>Olivia Wakefield</i> , pedigree above, 2 yrs.....	3	1	3	dr

Time, 2:00—1:59—2:01.

#### MEMPHIS, (Tenn.) GLENCOE COURSE.

MONDAY, Nov. 9, 1840—Sweepstakes, free for anything, catch weights. Sub. \$— each. One mile.

H. Robertson's gr. f. <i>Olivia Wakefield</i> , by Patrick Henry, dam unknown, 2 yrs. (78lbs.)..	1
D. Jernegan's b. m. <i>Betsy Burnt-nose</i> , by Atlantic, dam by Florizel, 5 yrs.....	2
J. G. Shegog's b. f. <i>Lady Franklin</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sting by Conqueror, 4 y..	3
H. L. French's gr. m. <i>Jerusha</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	4
R. H. Peyton's b. c. by Jefferson, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	5

Time, 1:56. Track heavy.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10—Sweepstakes for all ages, catch weights. Three subs. at \$— each. Two miles.

J. G. Shegog's b. f. <i>Lady Franklin</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1
E. Sparks' f. <i>Medora Winston</i> , by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2
H. L. French's gr. m. <i>Jerusha</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3

Time, 3:55.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Thos. B. Patterson's (L. Coch's) gr. c. <i>Bloody Nathan</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Henry Smith's gr. f. <i>Belinda Polk</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs....	2	dist.

Time, 4:46—4:30. Track very heavy, from rain.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Henry Smith's b. c. <i>John Marshall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Bass by Conqueror, 4 yrs.....	1	1
E. Sparks' f. <i>Medora Winston</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	2
R. H. Peyton's br. c. <i>Cavalier</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance by Multum-in-Parvo.....	2	3
H. L. French's b. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Anne Page by Maryland Eclipse, 3 yrs....	dist.	

Time, 6:17—6:16.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

D. Jernegan's ch. c. <i>Clear the Track</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Stockholder, 4 yrs....	1	1
Hugh Christman's gr. h. <i>Roderick Dhu</i> , by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 6 yrs.....	4	2
Hugh Robertson's (J. Lake's) ch. c. <i>Matchem</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Blind Jackson, 4 yrs.....	2	3
W. R. Peyton's b. h. <i>Bay Bolton</i> , by Bertrand, 6 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 8:21—8:04. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best. 3 in 5.

Thos. B. Patterson's (L. Coch's) gr. c. <i>Bloody Nathan</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
D. Jernegan's b. f. <i>Fanny Jones</i> , by Telegraph, dam by Topgallant, 4 yrs.....	3	3	2
J. G. Shegog's b. f. <i>Lady Franklin</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2	3

Time, 1:56—1:57—1:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes, free for anything. Four subs at \$100 each. Mile heats.

H. Robertson's gr. f. <i>Olivia Wakefield</i> , pedigree above, 2 yrs.....	1	1
R. H. Peyton's b. c. <i>Harry Hill</i> , by Imp. Chat. Margaux—Imp. Anne Maria, 3 yrs....	2	2
H. L. French's b. c. <i>Jim Brown</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
Thos. B. Patterson's b. c. <i>Deception</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 2 y..	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:53.

## SOMERVILLE, (Tenn.) TELEGRAPH COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25, 1840—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Henry Smith's b. c. *John Marshall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Bass by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 1 1  
D. Jernegan's ch. c. *Clear the Track*, by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 2 dist.  
Time, 4:10.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

H. Christman's gr. h. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 6 yrs. 1 1  
H. Robertson's (J. Lake's) ch. c. *Matchem*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Blind Jackson, 4 yrs. 2 2  
E. P. Dave's b. h. *Hannibal*, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs. 3 3  
Time, 8:54—8:53. Track heavy, from rain.

FRIDAY, Nov. 27—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$300 each, h. ft. Three mile heats.

R. H. Peyton's b. f. *Tennessee*, by Imp. Felt, out of Bernice by Archy Jr. 1 1  
L. P. Cheatham's b. c. *Picnic*, by Pacific, out of Rian's dam. 2 dist.  
E. Sparks' b. c. *Laplander*, by Young Carolinian—Forest Doe by Stockholder. 3 dist.  
No time given.

SATURDAY, Nov. 28—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as on Wednesday. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. Robertson's gr. f. *Olivia Wakefield*, by Patrick Henry, dam unknown, 2 yrs. 1 1 1  
E. Sparks' f. *Medora Winston*, by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 3 3 2  
J. G. Shegog's b. f. *Lady Franklin*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 2 2 3  
Time, 2:01—2:05—2:03. Course very muddy.

## WASHINGTON (Arks.) RACES.

TUESDAY, Dec. 8, 1840—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Col. M. Fannin's ch. m. *Belle of Winchester*, by Shakspeare, d. by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 1 1  
Thos. H. Wilson's ch. m. *Little Beck*, by Sumpter, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs. 3 2  
Geo. M. Gray's b. c. *Paddy Carr*, by Jefferson, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs. 2 dist.  
Jas. Jackson's b. m. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 5 yrs. \*  
Time, 1:59—1:59. Track deep. \* Let down 1st heat.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 9—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Thos. H. Wilson's b. m. *Fanny Lightfoot*, by Stockholder, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs. 1 1  
J. J. Burton's b. c. *Elias Rector*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blevins. 2 2  
Time, 4:14—4:10.

THURSDAY, Dec. 10—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. M. Fannin's b. c. *Dick Turpin* (alias Tom Benton), by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 4 2 2 1 1 1  
T. H. Wilson's b. c. *Ned Wells*, by O'Connell, d. by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 1 3 3 2 2 2  
J. J. Burton's b. c. *Euclid*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 3 1 1 3 3 dist.  
D. E. Williams' b. m. *Mary Ellen*, by Woodpecker, d. by Sumpter, 5 yrs. 2 4 4 dist.  
Time, 2:00—1:59—2:00—2:02—2:06—2:10.

## HINDS COUNTY (Miss.) OAKLAND COURSE.

— Purse \$—, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

A. Johnson's ch. c. *Ponola*, by Hannibal, dam by Sir Archy. Cotton. 1 1  
W. Corgal's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan. dist.  
Time, 1:56.

— Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. Corgal's ch. f. by Imp. Merman, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 1 1  
Wilson F. Dillon's ch. h. *Red Tom*, by Bertrand—Duchess of Marlborough, 8 yrs. 2 2  
A. Johnson's ch. c. *Ponola*, pedigree above. dist.  
Time, 4:02—3:59.

— Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. Corgal's ch. f. by Imp. Merman, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 1 1 1  
W. F. Dillon's ch. h. *Red Tom*, pedigree above, 8 yrs. 3 2 2  
A. Johnson's ch. c. *Ponola*, pedigree above. 2 dist.  
Time, 1:55—1:54—1:54.

February 17, 1841.

Dear Sir,—I see you have made a mistake in the name of my Mons. Tonson filly, which you will oblige me by correcting as soon as you receive this. Her name is *Flora Hastings*, instead of *Donna Viola*. The gentleman who informed you was mistaken in the name, I presume.

Yours respectfully,  
BEVERLEY L. HOLCOMBE.

## Notes of the Month.

### A P R I L.

*Horses in Training for the Northern Spring Campaign.*—Major JONES has six in training, all good ones. He has *Treasurer*, *Fleetfoot*, *Commodore Truxton*, and three 3 year olds by Imp. Trustee. ROBT. L. STEVENS has six also; viz: *Sylphide* by Emilius, *Plenipo* by Plenipo, an own brother to *Sylphide*, all out of Polly Hopkins, two Priams, (the last three are 3 year olds,) and a four year old Trustee. Then we have out East, (as they say here) Mr. HAMLIN's colt by Trustee, which we've been told, can take more lock-jaw steps than ever Fanny Elssler could. Along with him, we have DAVID JONES's two, and JONATHAN SMITH's one or two, making a stable of four or five, certain. And last of all, there is a public stable about to be opened near the Union Course. New Jersey will fight a good fight this Spring, if we may judge from the quality and number of horses in training. LAIRD has thirteen going, and one of this lot stands so high in the opinion of Jerseymen, that they talk as if they felt sorry that Boston has gone off the Turf. JOS. H. VANMATER has six or eight, and we will hear from his lot before the campaign is over. Then the gallant Capt. STOCKTON has seven; there is mischief in his stable, for we hear so little about them that we think they are laying low for black ducks. At Trenton there is a public stable of something less than twenty. With this goodly number we think the North will be able to regain her lost laurels.

*The Sire of Harkaway.*—Our readers will recollect that in the February number of the Turf Register we gave a bit of scandal in regard to the sire of Harkaway. We had heard it as a prevalent rumor in England, and from a letter now before us from the owner of Economist, we learn that a report was in circulation last year that Economist was not the sire of Harkaway, but the paternity was then given to *Barkston*, Mr. Ferguson's horse,—*Velocipede* is now named as his sire. Mr. PERSSE, the owner of Economist states distinctly that the mare was at his residence in Ireland for three years. He writes that, "At the breaking up of Lord CLANMORRIS's establishment in 1833, I took care and kept *Fanny Dawson*, the dam of Harkaway, being then stunted to Economist and in foal of Harkaway, for six months thereafter; then I delivered her to a friend of Mr. Ferguson, for him, who sent her to Mr. Gordon's of Sheep Bridge in the County Down, when she foaled this extraordinary horse, Harkaway."

The letter further states that it is untrue that Mr. Ferguson ever rode Harkaway to hounds, though we have seen the statement over and over. Both Harkaway and Economist are now covering at Newmarket; the former at thirty, and the latter at twenty guineas. From the same source we learn that "Lord Sligo has a yearling colt by Economist, the same color as Harkaway, and which promises to be as large and strong. He has been nominated for the Derby and St. Leger, and his Lordship, who has bred many and first-rate horses, says that he is the most promising and finest colt he ever bred; he calls him *Sordid*."

Economist paid last year, clear of all his expenses, £800 at Newmarket. He is this year limited to fifty mares, and his owner now congratulates himself for not parting with him to come to America.

*DEATH OF LANGAR.*—This celebrated stallion was bred by Lord Sligo in 1817, got by Selim, dam (Pomona and Nicolo's dam) by Walton; grandam Young Giantess (Sorcerer's dam) by Diomed, out of Giantess, by Match'em. He won but one race in England, viz., the Gascoigne Stakes, at Doncaster, in 1820, after meeting with a defeat for the St. Leger. His performances were chiefly confined to the Irish Turf, winning a number of Stakes at the Curragh, and other places.

Langar may be justly classed amongst the first stallions of the present day; his stock are remarkably swift, particularly for short distances; he was the sire of Milo, Felt, Tib, Philip the First, Vat, Silly Pat, Fang, Daxon, Westport, Bras de Fer, Pilgrim, Ratcatcher, The Potentate, Bodice, Jupiter, Rattle, Stockport, Miss Camarine, Vulture, Elis, Jordan, Mr. Waggs, Amurath, Jacob Faithful, Lady Stafford, Whaley, Zebetta, Garland, Imogene, Epirus, Epidaurus, Montreal, Rory O'Moore, Tivy, Chantilly, Prince Albert, Ermangardis, Quilt Arnold, and other very superior racers, while in this country the only ones of his get that have started, Passenger and Hourri, have been repeated winners.

*Visit to Col. Crowell's.*—We hear constant complaints from Georgia and Alabama that the interests of the Turf and the prices of Blood Stock suffer peculiarly, from the derangement of the currency and the general depression of business in those States. But on the other hand we are occasionally cheered by hearing of an accession to the list of Racing Men, or by learning that some veteran Turfman is adding to his stock and taking the field in stronger force. A friend who has recently visited Col. CROWELL at his residence near Fort Mitchell, Ala. has given us a brief note of the "lot" the Colonel now has in training. Our friend will at some future day write out a full account of his visit, with a description of them.

HAMMOND trains for Col. C. and has now going the following 3 year olds.

*Hannah Harris*, b. f. own sister to John Bascombe.

*Dr. Wilson*, ch. c. by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia by Bolivar.

*Nat Bradford*, a gr. c. own brother to Nancy Clark.

These are said to be as likely a lot of 3 year olds, as can be found in any breeding stable in the Union. Col. ABERCROMBIE, a neighbor of Col. C. has a 3 year old ch. f. in the same string, called *Beatrice*, by Robin Hood out of Linwood's dam.

Of 4 year olds, there are three in the lot, viz.

*Nancy Clark*, b. f. by Bertrand, out of Morocco Slipper by Timoleon.

*Mary Watson*, gr. f. by Robin Hood, out of Bolivia.

*Emma Crowell*, ch. f. by Robin Hood, out of Eliza Branch.

Eliza Branch is now dead; she was a very bloodlike mare by Shawnee—(he by Tecumseh out of a Citizen mare, and Tecumseh by Sir Archy out of an imported mare)—her dam by Sir Archy, grand dam by Citizen.

Of the three named above, two have been winners—Nancy Clark and Mary Watson, and the former a very distinguished one. The performances of both have been so recent, as to be in the memory of the reader. Should his string turn out as well as he has a right to expect, Col. Crowell will probably make a demonstration at Mobile and New Orleans next Autumn.

Among his young things, Col. C. has *Little Prince*, a gr. c. 2 years old by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia—*Margaret Porter*, a superb ch. yearling filly by the same horse, out of Lady Nashville by Stockholder—and *Jane Benton*, a gr. f. by Robin Hood, out of Nancy Clark's dam.

Of his favorite brood mares, *Morocco Slipper* is in foal to Robin Hood, and *Bolivia* to Imp. Monarch. *Lady Nashville* missed last season to Robin Hood. *Lady Donaldson* (by Stockholder out of Bolivia's dam) is in foal to Imp. Riddleworth.

Our friend writes us that *John Bascombe* is looking better than ever, and that the world need not be surprised if he comes upon the Turf again in the Fall. *Hammond*, gr. c. 4 years old, (his half brother) by Wild Bill, stands at the same stable with Bascombe, having been withdrawn from the Turf on account of an injury in his shoulder.

*Pedestrianism.*—We have the pleasure of recording the result of the Pedestrian match to which we alluded in reporting the performance of Mr. Low. Mr. ANSON LIVINGSTON completed on Thursday evening, March 5th, at three minutes past 6 o'clock, the arduous task of walking fifty-four miles in twelve hours and three minutes! Mr. Livingston had two wagers pending upon this performance;—the first, to walk fifty miles in twelve hours, and the second, to walk fifty-four miles in fourteen hours, *without taking food*. He commenced his undertaking on the morning of the 5th ult., at 6 o'clock, and won both the matches, coming out as we have before said, in twelve hours and three minutes!

At the end of the twenty-eighth mile, he stopped eight minutes and a half, took

a little rest sitting down, and before the conclusion of the match he stopped twice again for one minute and a half each time, *upon* the road, to take some refreshment. He came in entirely without distress. His twenty-fifth mile he walked in ten minutes and forty-five seconds. The feat came off upon the Turnpike in the village of Jamaica, on Long Island, and we believe it is the first time this or any comparable feat has been performed in this country, especially by a gentleman of leisure, and without any regular training.

We have reason to believe that some farther matches will arise from this, and we rejoice that so innocent and manly an exercise, and one so conducive to health, should appear likely to gain favor among the youth of our city, with whom athletic and laborious sports have heretofore been rather at a discount.

---

*Match Race.*—The match for \$10,000 a side, between W. H. PARROTT's br. c. *Westwind*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, and Messrs. CAMP & BLEVIN's b. h. *Baywood*, by Editor, Four mile heats, will come off over the Bascombe Course, Mobile, on the 2d Monday in January, 1842. *Westwind* won the Four mile purse at the late Mobile Meeting, beating a fine field. He is the property of Gen. THOS. B. SCOTT, of Lowndes Co., Ala., but he has disposed of the racing qualities of the horse to Mr. Parrott, of Louisiana, for the term of two years, for \$3000.

---

The Imported mare *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, has been sold to WILLIS ROBERTS, Esq. of Montgomery County, Ky., for \$4000. *Maria Black* has been one of the most distinguished performers on the Southern Turf.

We have recently heard of Mr. J. C. STEVENS's mare *Fanti*, who was sent to the South, if we recollect aright, early in 1839. She is at Mt. Meigs, Ala., where she has been bred to Imp. Riddlesworth. She was expected to foal very soon, and will be bred to him again. Two of her produce are now with her at Mt. Meigs; viz. a ch. c. 2 yrs. old by Imp. Trustee, and a brown yearling colt by Imp. Chateau Margaux. Our informant writes us that "the Chateau colt is the image of *Westwind*—a very fine one."

---

*Gano*, it is said, will again go into the stable of Col. HAMPTON in July next, to be trained for the Fall campaign.

---

Since our last, we learn that Capt. STOCKTON's filly, *Nannie*, has been thrown out of training, and will not be taken up again till Autumn.

---

*Early Foals.*—A Correspondent has furnished us with the following letter on this subject:—

A strong prejudice prevails among all our breeders in favor of early foals,—for one I am cured of such preference, because I am yet to learn that a colt foaled in February has any advantage of another dropped in April.

It is a law of nature that all animals and birds that come during the inclemency of winter do not thrive and grow off like those born at a more genial season; this may be noticed on the farm, in the calves, the pigs, and the poultry, and I am certain it applies to colts also—so far as appearance is a test. A colt now at my house, dropped the 20th of May, was the premium foal the October following, and, in like manner, was again the recipient of the highest premium as a yearling—and this, too, on both occasions, over good ones at the Nashville Stock Fair.

The celebrated Henry, whose race on Long Island is yet unrivalled in our country, was foaled some time in June. A colt foaled in January would have some five months advantage of him, yet he was a fine race horse at an early age.

I question if any one on being shown four colts, all 2 years old, well raised, could select those foaled before and after the 1st of April. Now if there be no difference in the appearance, and it seems there is none in their racing powers, and of course in their value, where, let me ask, is the compensation for the risk and trouble incident to early foals?

Many are lost from the inclemency of the weather,—frozen before they are seen, as most are foaled in the night, while all are extremely weak, and not a few die in two or three days. In this way I have lost three fine-bred colts; two came

in February; these were so weak, as to die when two days old, although the greatest attention was bestowed on them;—the other came in January, and was dead when found in the morning.

In severe winters mares forward in foal often lose them; the severity of the weather seems to bring on premature parturition, and thus the hopes and prospects of a year are blasted.

Repeated losses have convinced me that it is by far the safest plan to have colts dropped in the Spring and not the winter; advising others, I shall practice it myself.

B.

*Obituary.*—The imported horse *Barefoot*, the winner of the great St. Leger in 1823, died the last Autumn at the stable of DAVID MORRISON, Esq. near Covington, Tenn., from the effects of the bite of a snake. Barefoot was at the time twenty-one years old, and had been in the United States since 1828. He was imported into Massachusetts by Admiral Sir ISAAC COFFIN, but subsequently became the property of some gentlemen in this State, who stood him upon Long Island for several years. He was then sold to Kentucky. The best of his get in this section of the country were probably *Clara Howard*, *Tramp* and *Ajax*, who were all prominent at one time in the Long Island stables. Barefoot was the first winner of the St. Leger imported into the United States.

*Black Maria.*—This celebrated race mare, the property of the Hon. BALIE PEYTON, of Louisiana, died last month at the farm of her owner in Tennessee. For game and stoutness she has been the boast of the country, and in a late paper contributed by "Nimrod" to the London New Monthly Magazine, we find her great Twenty Mile race on Long Island commented upon as indicating not alone her admirable qualities of stoutness, but speed as well. Black Maria was foaled in 1826, and was consequently fifteen years old at the time of her death. We have not yet learned the cause of her death, deriving our information as to the fact from a brief minute in the Republican Sentinel.

Black Maria was sent to the South in the Spring of 1838, and her produce has been entered in some of the heaviest stakes in that section of the country. Her filly, *Great Western*, by Imp. Luzborough, was the first of the thirty nominations to the Peyton Stakes—the richest ever made upon the Turf in this or any other country.—We hardly need say how we regret the loss of Black Maria to her owner, and to the Turf.

P. S. We learn from one of our private letters that the Hon. BALIE PEYTON's *Black Maria* died as far back as the month of January last, from bots.

*New Race Courses and Jockey Clubs.*—A new Race Course has been opened at Decatur, Ga., upon which the first meeting will take place early in May next. The purses are of a reasonable amount, considering the depressed state of the times, and they will be increased upon the return of "better times." Great credit is given to Dr. E. N. Calhoun for his exertions in getting up the Club.

*Names Claimed.*—Col. A. L. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, claims the name of *John Blevins* for his gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan—full brother to *John R. Grymes*.

The name of *Duchess of Orleans* is claimed for a filly by Robin Brown, out of Czarina.

Mr. J. W. T. REED claims the name of *Rachel Vernon* for his yearling ch. f. by Volney, dam by Carolinian.

Mr. OWENS, of West River, claims the name of *Marshal Ney*, for his b. c. foaled the spring of 1839, by Imp. John Bull, dam by Imp. Valentine.

Col. HAMPTON, of South Carolina, claims the name of *Cornelian*, for a b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Bay Maria by Eclipse, bred in 1840.

Capt. JOHN EUBANK, of Lunenburg Co., Va., claims the name of *Young Mirel* for a promising ch. c., foaled the 9th of July, 1840, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Bertrand.

H. W. FARRIS, Esq., of Crab Orchard, Ky., claims the name of *Lucretia Noland*, for a 2 yr. old br. f. by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Frank; and that of *Mingora* for a yearling ch. f. by Mingo, dam by Frank. The former is engaged in the \$500 stake at Louisville, and the latter in the Gold Stake at Lexington, Ky.

## TURF REGISTER.

*Brood Mares, the property of Col. C. F. M. NOLAND, of Batesville, Arkansas.*

No. 1. RUSHLIGHT, ch. m., foaled in 1830, by Sir Archy, out of Pigeon by Pacolet, grandam an Imp. mare by Waxy—Mother Shipton by Anvil—Jemima by Satellite—Maria by Herod—Lisette (first called Wagtail) by Snap, out of Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian.

No. 2. LILY, by Eclipse, out of Garland (Post Boy's dam) by Duroc, grandam Young Damsel by Hamiltonian, out of Miller's Damsel (the dam of Eclipse)—she by Imp. Messenger, out of the Imp. Pot-8-o's mare, commonly called the Constable mare.

C. F. M. NOLAND.  
*Batesville, Arks., March 11, 1841.*

*Pedigree of SIMON PURE, the property of JOHN VEAL & Co., of Washington, Indiana.*

SIMON PURE is a bay horse, of fine size, and handsome appearance, foaled in 1833. He was got by Waxy, his dam by Imp. Bluster, his grandam was bred by Gen. Jackson, and got by his horse Truxton. Waxy was got by Sir Archy, out of Lady Alfred by Imp. Sir Harry. Truxton was got by Imp. Dio-

med, out of Nancy Coleman by Young Fearnought, grandam Latona by Old Partner, g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Skim, out of a Barb mare. [See American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, vol. ii, p. 359 and vol. ix, p. 143.]

Simon Pure was sold by me to John Veal & Co. for \$1000.

LEWIS SHERLEY.  
*Louisville. Ky., Jan. 27, 1841.*

*Pedigree of BEN POWELL, the property of HECTOR OWENS, Esq., of Columbia, Kentucky.*

BEN POWELL is a dark mahogany bay, with a left hind foot white up to the pastern joint, of great muscular power and strength, and was foaled in March, 1839. He was got by Orphan Boy, (he by Am. Eclipse, out of Old Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Spread Eagle,) his dam by Waxy, grandam by Allen's Whip, g. g. dam by Victorious, (he by Gimcrack, alias Randolph's Roan, and he by Imp. Medley,) g. g. g. dam by Imp. Alderman, g. g. g. g. dam by Old Celer, &c. &c. For further particulars of the various crosses of Ben Powell's pedigree, see Turf Register, and Edgar's Stud Book.

HECTOR OWENS.  
*Columbia, Ky., January 31, 1841.*

## THE THREE IMPORTED POT-8-O'S MARES.

*Mr. Porter*,—In the March number of the "Turf Register" was a communication under the signature of Maj. Allen J. Davie, stating that the late Mr. Constable's imported mare was very probably the imported mare called "Radish," and that he has heard of only two imported mares brought to America which were got by Pot-8-o's, viz., Radish, and Mr. Walter Bell's. I most respectfully beg leave to state, that there were three, viz., the late Mr. Constable's, Mr. Bell's, and Radish.

1st. Mr. Constable's: she was a chesnut mare, with a white streak down her face; foaled in 1792 or 1793; bred by Lord Grosvenor (*and sold by him when young*), and in the year 1795 she was re-sold at Tattersall's in London, and purchased by the late William Constable, Esq., who brought her to New York. This communication I received from two gentlemen of the very highest character and respectability in that city (who were intimately acquainted with him, and obtained the same from him repeatedly during his lifetime,) when I was there in 1833. She was got by Pot-8-o's—Gimcrack.

2d. Radish: a bay mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor, foaled in 1787, got by Pot-8-o's, her dam Rarity, by Matchem—Snap Dragon, by Snap—*vide* General Stud Book, of the editions of 1793, 1803, 1808, and Supplement, 1827, 1832, 1836—also Skinner's, page 260. Radish's dam had no Gimcrack filly—See Skinner's Stud Book, page 260—General Stud Book, vol. 1, page 377, Edition of 1827.

3d. Bell's: a bay mare, bred by ——— foaled in 1802. [I think she had some white feet, I repeatedly saw her in Belfield, Va. Imported about 1811 or 1812—she died the property of the late Mr. Collen, I understood, near Tarborough, N. C., in 1819.] Her pedigree, given me by the late Mr. Avory, her owner, is as follows: she was got by Pot-8-o's—Pegasus—Highflyer—Justice—Panglos—out of Riddle by Matchem—Lady Augusta by Spot—Old Crab—Crofts's Partner's full sister.

Constable's imported mare, after the celebrity upon the Turf of the AMERICAN ECLIPSE, made her *stock* rise considerably in value, and although Mr. C. when he purchased her at Tattersall's (as aforesaid) received no further pedigree with her, than that she was got by Pot-8-o's, dam by Gimcrack—nevertheless, he was conscious of her being a mare of the very best stock in England, which he frequently told his friends, in his lifetime. The celebrity of Eclipse (*as related above*) made me very solicitous *indeed* to obtain it. Both the late Mr. Field, and myself, tried ineffectually to procure it in this country—but failing, made me determine to find it, *if possible*, in England. In 1831 I opened a correspondence with several of my friends there, requesting them, in the most urgent terms, that the pedigree of THIS MARE might be procured, and at any trouble or expense. After a great deal of trouble, and lengthy as well as numerous correspondence upon their parts, I finally received, after the delay of several months, an answer to my inquiries, and information (at an expense, too, of \$12 for the postage on letters) that she was bred by Lord Grosvenor, foaled in 1792 or 1793, got by Pot-8-o's, her dam by Gimcrack (foaled in 1778), out of Snap Dragon by Snap—Regulus—Bartlet's Childers—Honeywood's Arabian—Two True-Blues dam. Snap Dragon, besides her other produce, produced in 1778 a bay filly, by Gimcrack, bred by Lord Grosvenor, *vide* Skinner's Stud Book, page 108 and 129—English Stud Book of 1827, vol. 1, page 188. This Gimcrack mare produced in 1792 or 3, a chesnut filly, got by Pot-8-o's, as the following statement will clearly show.

In the year 1834, among a package of books I ordered from England, my friends sent me out three editions of the General Stud Book of that country, in addition to those I previously had, and that of 1832, which I imported from thence in the Fall of 1833—viz. 1793, 1803, 1808, with the Supplement up to 1814. Those of 1793 and 1803, were particularly interesting to me; they evidently had seen a great deal of service, and from their appearance, *no doubt* formerly belonged to some persons who were very well versed in the business of tracing the pedigrees of thorough-bred horses; *at least I judged so*, from the manifold notes, additions, emendations, and corrections, which were in those of 1803 and 1793. In that of the edition of 1793, but more especially of 1803, the following corroboratory circumstance, as it regards the *case in question*, I find written in a note, of that of 1793—viz. at pages 236 and 237. Snap Dragon produced in

1766 B. c. *Jesmond*, (afterwards *Paymaster*,) by Blank } Mr. Shaftoe.

1769 B. f. *Rarity*, by Matchem.

1770 B. c. *Gilkicker* by Dainty Davy.

1772 f. *Selima*, by the Ossory Arabian.

1773 gr. c. *Grey Robin*, by Gimcrack.

1774 f. *Crosspatch*, by Dux.

1775 Br. f. by ditto

1776 Br. c. by ditto

1777 f. by Sweetbriar.

1778 B. f. by Gimcrack.\* (*vide note, in writing.*)

1781 f.

(and in the subsequent editions of this book.)

1782 ch. c. *Briar*, by Sweetbriar.

} Lord Grosvenor.

} Mr. Douglas.

\* N.B. This Gimcrack mare, had a chesnut filly, bred by Lord Grosvenor, by Pot-8-o's, and foaled in 1792, which was sold at Tattersall's, in 1795, and transferred to William Constable, Esq, of New York, in 1795—from this mare descended the celebrated race horse, Van Rantz's American Eclipse, in America.

(Signed)

A. C. H., near Bath, England.

General Stud Book, edition of 1803, pages 295, 296, in a written note by the same person, I find that Lord Grosvenor sold this filly when very young.

(Signed)

A. C. H., near Bath, England.

It appears, upon further consulting this book, that Snap Dragon had the same

produce, related above, besides the following note, appended to her produce of 1778.

Produce of the bay mare, by Gimcrack, of 1778, (in writing).

1792. Ch. f. by Pot-8-o's. [Lord Grosvenor. Sold at Tattersall's to William Constable, Esq., of New York, in 1795. Lord Grosvenor sold her when young.]

(Signed) A. C. H., near Bath, England.\*

From the above statements which I have collated, with a great deal of care and trouble, I hope that the remote pedigree of The American Eclipse, on his dam's side, *may be for ever at rest*, for it plainly appears that three Pot-8-o's mares were brought over to America, as related above. "Radish, (I also find on said books) none of her produce—I beg leave also to state that my information was received respecting this mare, from the late Hon. John Randolph, who procured it many years ago, from a member of Congress at Washington City, and by his friend presented to me—the statement is, that RADISH was imported into Pennsylvania, and died without leaving any produce."

Radish was sold to Pennsylvania, and I understood died without having any produce in America, (in a written note). (Signed) A. C. H.

near Bath, England.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PATRICK NESBITT EDGAR.

#### THE CONSTABLE MARE.

March 10, 1841.

Dear Sir,—As you appear to be discussing a question in regard to the pedigree of the Pot-8-o's mare imported by Mr. Constable, I enclose you a copy of Mr. Constable's receipt, the original of which I received from Butler Coles, now dead, son of Gen. Coles, and which is now in my possession. To rescue it from the lapse of time, and the chances of its being lost, would it not be well to perpetuate it by publishing it in the Turf Register.

I will only add that James Constable was the partner of his brother William; I knew him well. Yours truly.

#### COPY OF RECEIPT.

Received of General Coles three hundred dollars for a chestnut mare with a foal by her side. The mare was imported by me from England in 1795. She was got by Pot-8-o's, her dam by Gimcrack; names so well established in the racing calendar that it is unnecessary to trace the pedigree further back. She was bred by Lord Grosvenor, well known on the turf there, and was in training. Since her arrival in America she has been bred from, was only used one winter under the saddle, and has been particularly attended to every season. The mare is now ten years old and if put to good horses will probably produce excellent stock, as the purity of her blood as a racer is undeniable. The colt was got by Young Baronet bred by me, his sire Baronet imported in 1796, and the horse is so well known in this State, that I need not describe him further.

WM. CONSTABLE, by his Attorney  
JAMES CONSTABLE.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1801.